

BRITANNIA

Sixpence

Edited & Published at Inveresk House, Strand, London, W. C. 2

Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper
& for transmission by Canadian Magazine Post

Postage: British Isles, Canada & Newfoundland
1½^d per copy: other places abroad 3^d

Vol. II

LONDON, MARCH 8, 1929.

No. 24



Home from China: After two years' service in Shanghai the 2nd Battalion of the Scots Guards returned last week. All ranks will enjoy a richly deserved period of furlough.

THE 2nd Battalion of the Scots Guards arrived home from China last week after two years' service in Shanghai. The King sent a special "welcome home" message to the Battalion.

The first reward for their service abroad is furlough—time to relax a little and to tell strange stories of a strange land in which there raged the Battles of the Consonants, but in none of which the Guards were engaged.

There was a very significant reason for sending the Guards to China which has not been sufficiently realised. The Guards went to China

to give a sense of security and to strengthen any weakening of *morale*. This was a mission of high responsibility, and it has been carried out with remarkable efficiency by the best disciplined soldiers in the world. There was urgent need to allay the anxiety of our people in Shanghai—the Guards arrived, and when there might have been panic there was at once calm.

For it is the high tradition of the Guards that wherever they go they bring with them a sense of strength and efficiency and the invaluable inspiration of confidence. It is no exaggeration to say that the very

presence of the Guards in China was a power for peace.

And now they have come home again with two years of honourable foreign service added to their great records.

In thinking of this duty done, memories of the Guards' glorious courage in the war are recalled: how they never failed and were never defeated; how their presence brought new confidence to other troops, and the mere mention of their name struck fear into the hearts of the enemy. In war or in peace the power of the Guards lies in the unshakeable confidence they inspire.

For list of Contents see page facing 380.

MR. CHURCHILL and LENIN

By the Right Hon. the *EARL OF BIRKENHEAD*, G.C.S.I.

In the course of a brilliant character study of Lenin which appeared in "The Times," Mr. Winston Churchill said "Lenin's mind was a remarkable instrument. When its light shone it revealed the whole world, its history, its sorrows, its stupidities, its shams, and, above all, its wrongs."

Lord Birkenhead repudiates this view, declaring that Mr. Churchill has totally misunderstood Lenin. . . .

"Mr. Churchill's Lenin will not do. . . . It is absurd to cast him as a modern blend of Judas Iscariot, Lucifer and Machiavelli. . . ."

MR. WINSTON CHURCHILL has already published enough of the new volume of his book on the War to show that it fully maintains the interest of its predecessors. He has the great advantage over most contemporary historians of having himself taken an active part in the most decisive events, political and military, of the last thirty years.

THE ARMY AND POLITICS.

I NEED give but the briefest outline of his career. The son of Lord Randolph Churchill, he became a cavalry subaltern. By the age of twenty-four he could claim to be the only soldier in history, except Napoleon, who had fought in three continents. He returned to England from South Africa, the hero of a sensational escape from the Boers; and occupied in the eyes of his countrymen a place comparable only with that enjoyed in more recent years by Colonel Lawrence.

Entering politics, he, a youth in the middle twenties, at once became an outstanding figure in the House of Commons, and, when he went to America to lecture, he was hailed there as "the hero of five wars, the author of six books and the future Prime Minister of Great Britain." Among these books was a biography of his father, which no less distinguished a critic than Lord Rosebery declared to be one of the first half-dozen British biographies.

Ever since Mr. Churchill entered Parliament he has been among the most forceful and prominent of its members. He has occupied a greater variety of posts for a greater length of time than any other member of the present House of Commons; such responsibilities and opportunities have been accepted by him as were combined before by few Englishmen.

AFTER THE ARMISTICE.

THAT Mr. Churchill's writings, therefore dealing as they do with the momentous period in which he has played a leading rôle, should be of great interest would not be surprising, even if he were a mediocre writer. But he is not. He has a gift

altogether remarkable of surveying a vast subject, and reducing it, by brilliant analysis, to a concise and illuminating record. His judgments, moreover, on men and politics are as penetrating as they are profound; he combines the utmost economy in words with the maximum of insight.

The four books which he has already published on the Great War will undoubtedly be accepted by future historians as authorities. A fifth volume is on the way. Therein Mr. Churchill purposes to describe the hardly less interesting events which followed upon the Armistice of November 1918. Certain extracts from this forthcoming volume have been appearing in *The Times*. They show Mr. Churchill at his most typical and best. His account of incidents, his character-sketches, his lucidity and his wisdom have never been shown to greater advantage. Only on one point so far have I found myself in serious disagreement from him. I believe that he has wholly misjudged the significance of Lenin.

LENIN'S PERSONALITY.

NO man, I imagine, not even the most patriotic Russian, hated Lenin more than Mr. Churchill hated him. Certainly no Russian did more to oppose Lenin and his Bolshevik colleagues than Mr. Churchill. It is also true to say that he understood from the first, better than almost any other public man, the menace which Lenin and his fellows represented for the future of civilisation. Yet in the very intensity of his loathing, Mr. Churchill has come to

conceive a certain admiration for the arch-murderer of Moscow.

Mr. Churchill's friends may say that this is a fine gesture of generosity towards a dead enemy; they would not be wholly wrong. His detractors may sneer that Mr. Churchill instinctively magnifies Lenin in order to magnify himself for the part he played against Lenin; I will not say that even in this there is not a grain of truth. Such emotions are human.

But, whatever the reasons, I believe Mr. Churchill to be mistaken in his estimate of Lenin's personality. He has confused Lenin the man with Lenin the figure-head, Lenin the demagogue with Lenin the thistledown of fate.

Here is what Mr. Churchill says of him:

Lenin was to Karl Marx what Omar was to Mahomet. He translated faith into acts. He devised the practical methods by which the Marxian theories could be applied in his own time. He invented the Communist plan of campaign. He issued the orders, he prescribed the watchwords, he gave the signal, and he led the attack. . . .

His mind was a remarkable instrument. When its light shone it revealed the whole world, its history, its sorrows, its stupidities, its shams, and, above all, its wrongs. It revealed all facts in its focus—the most unwelcome, the most inspiring—with an equal ray.

The intellect was capacious and in some phases superb. It was capable of universal comprehension in a degree rarely reached among men. The execution of the elder brother deflected this broad white light through a prism; and the prism was red. But the mind of Lenin was used and driven by a will not less exceptional.

And he calls Lenin "the Grand Repudiator." For the Russian people, he says, "their worst misfortune was his birth; their next worse—his death."

CAPACITY FOR COMPREHENSION.

THIS is extravagance. It is to credit Lenin with all the bloody triumphs of the Bolsheviks, to ascribe to his foresight and will-power all the fortuitous series of events which placed them in power in



A characteristic picture of Mr. Winston Churchill, Chancellor of the Exchequer, whose fifth volume on the War will be published shortly.

Russia and has held them there for the past decade.

Let us examine Lenin through a prism less purple. Before the war he was known to a limited circle of revolutionaries as the head of an extreme section of the Russian Social-Democratic organisation. In one respect, and one only, did he exhibit consistency: he sought by every channel of chicanery and intrigue to become the leader of his party or, at any rate, of a party. Since to do this it was necessary to split the organisation, Lenin without compunction forced a split and thus became head of the small group of Bolsheviks.

It then became necessary to overlook the fact that more than three-quarters of his adherents were either police spies or willing to become so; Lenin was prepared to overlook this. When the chief Bolshevik in the Duma was unmasked as an *agent provocateur*, Lenin alone of the Russian Socialists gave him a welcome abroad. A complete egotism, a lust for supremacy over no matter how few toadies, an utter lack of any scruples—these were the admitted traits of the pre-war Lenin.

He was a fluent oracle of unsound prophecy. As far back as 1908 he anticipated a revolution in England:

That Socialism among the working class in England is growing, that Socialism is *once again* becoming a mass movement in that country, that the social revolution in Great Britain is approaching—one should be blind not to see.

This is typical of his superb capacity for universal comprehension.

KERENSKY'S BLUNDER.

THE world first heard of Lenin in the spring of 1917 when he was sent by the Germans into Russia in order to confuse the new revolutionary order there. He began at once to address the Petrograd Soviet—in those days an amorphous and, on the whole, fairly patriotic body—urging it to take “all power” into its hands. He met with no success; Kerensky utterly vanquished him in debate. The revolution pursued its hesitating path. Muddle succeeded muddle.

In the summer Lenin called upon his followers to make an armed bid to overthrow the Government. It was an utter failure; the Bolsheviks were routed and a fresh wave of patriotism followed. Had Kerensky acted then; had he possessed the moral courage to arrest Lenin and shoot him as an armed rebel in time of war, history would never have recorded the name of the “Grand Repudiator.” But Kerensky was only a rhetorician. The most eloquent Russian of his day, he did not understand how weak are words unaccompanied by action. He blundered in allowing Lenin to live; soon he blundered worse by provoking a senseless quarrel with the army commanders.

Through his mad folly the army collapsed into a marauding mob, and, since even mobs demand leaders, Lenin's moment came. Lenin and his group alone were shameless enough to set themselves at the

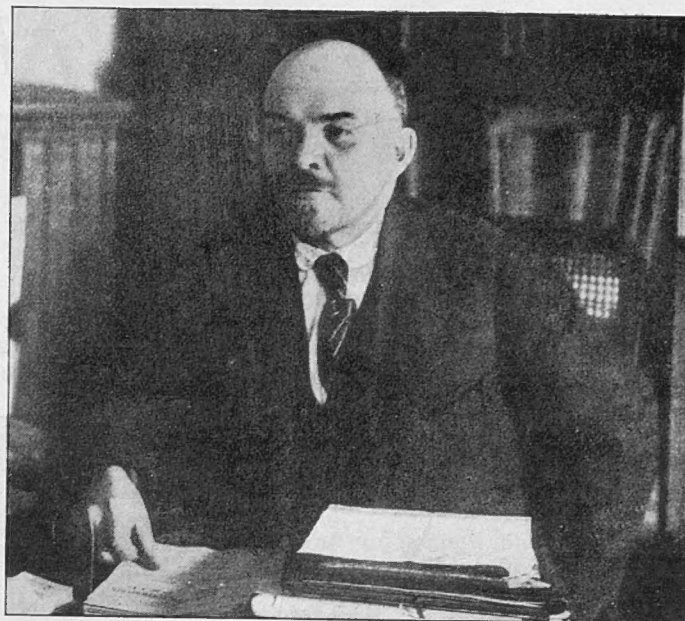
head of the mutineers with promises of Peace, Bread and the Land. This was his supreme moment of triumph; and such was the path by which he attained it.

AN ORGY OF MURDER.

FROM November 1917 to the very moment of his death, he did not initiate a single measure which turned out as he intended it; not one policy but achieved the opposite result; not one forecast about the future of Europe and the certainty of an early world-revolution but proved false.

It is idle to say that he and his colleagues defeated all their enemies, both internal and external. There was never a moment during his whole reign when he could not easily have been overthrown. The foes of Bolshevism chose rather to quarrel among themselves, to allow the Bolsheviks to oppose them *separatim*; each in turn repeated Napoleon's mistakes and learned again the lessons of 1812.

Nor was it due to any internal statecraft that Lenin's rule lasted so long. The most damnable orgy of murder that ever disgraced mankind terrorised the unhappy Russian people; but it could not feed them. Murder and famine, disease and civil war, the moral degeneration of at least one whole generation of children, the utter breakdown of everything which stands for civilisation and



Vladimir il'ich Lenin, who has been described as “the chief creator of Bolshevism.” He exercised an amazing hold over the Russian people.

progress—these were what Bolshevism has meant for Russia.

But it is idle to suppose that Lenin, with some Satanic lust, desired these things to befall his country. He did not. In his constructive moments he—the “Grand Repudiator”—dreamed in his diseased brain of a vague, co-operative commonwealth, with a great deal of electric light, and himself, of course, as perpetual president. He was an optimist as well as an egotist. Even after the murders had begun, the witless fool could write that:

The Republic of Soviets of workmen's, soldiers' and peasants' delegates is not only a higher type of democratic institution, but it is also the form capable of ensuring the most painless realisation of Socialism.

JUDAS, LUCIFER AND MACHIAVELLI.

HE was indeed an incompetent, and a very tedious and prolix one. If his intellect were so “capacious,” “superb,” and “capable of universal comprehension to a degree rarely reached,” it seems a pity that his writings should be as voluminous as, and even more turgid than those of his master, Karl Marx. The latter could at least, in his lighter moments, write a good descriptive account of a riot; Lenin was incapable of writing clearly about anything.

Mr. Churchill's Lenin will not do. To cast him as a modern blend of Judas Iscariot, Lucifer and Machiavelli is very well as an exercise in the Gibbon style; but I have already suggested to Mr. Churchill that he might with better reason paint a similar picture of Mr. A. J. Cook. Lenin only rose to notice in a distraught, defeated, mob-ridden slaughterhouse. Mr. Cook for a considerable period baited the Government of the world's greatest Empire, victorious, calm and, by comparison with Russia, almost incredibly prosperous and contented.

If it were possible to separate men's mental equipment from the uses to which they subordinate it, one might attempt to weigh Lenin against his latest celebrator. I will only say here that, in every year of his official life, Mr. Churchill has displayed twenty times as much courage, capacity, intelligence, understanding and driving-force as this pinchbeck Red, polichinelle exercised in the whole of his foul career.



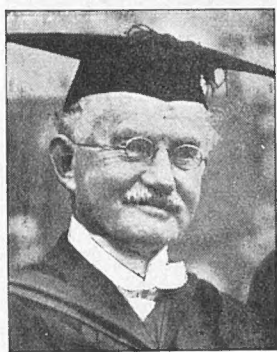
Lenin dreamed of a vague co-operative commonwealth with himself as *perpetua* President. He was an optimist as well as an egotist . . . He was indeed an incompetent.

BRITANNIA'S DIARY

A Critical Survey of Current Events

I AM astonished at an old hand like Mr. Lloyd George opening his election campaign with a pledge, still more astonished that the pledge should take the form of a promise to reduce unemployment to normal within the course of a single year, and quite paralysed by his statement that the pledge is to be redeemed without adding a penny to national or local taxation.

This beats all the known records of political conjuring and makes one suspect that there must be a deception somewhere. On the other hand, the ex-Premier was right in linking up unemployment with the road question, and right again in insisting that unless we add very quickly to our transport facilities we shall not be able to cope with the return of prosperity. Congested now, we shall be pretty well strangled then.



Dr. Joseph Wells, ex-Vice-Chancellor of Oxford University, who died last week. Dr. Wells was a strong champion of the modern undergraduate, and once said there were "too many women undergrads."

over three thousand miles of mostly empty space. I am not sure that Mr. Lloyd George and his amateur committees are quite the men for a job of this sort, but I like the way in which he stands by Liberalism as a power in the State and puts up the price of his own and his party's co-operation. Christie's itself is not likely to be busier than the political auction-room a few months from now.

The New American President.

NO one dare prophesy anything as to the success of a new American President, especially one who is *persona non grata* with the politicians. Mr. Coolidge contrived to avoid most of the clashes between the White House and Congress that usually reduce the President's term of office to a four years' barren wrangle. I rather question whether Mr. Hoover, a much more emphatic and domineering personality, will be either so lucky or so skilful.

On his executive side the Chief Magistrate of the United States has the powers of a Kaiser or a Tsar of the old regimens. But on the legislative side he has nothing like the direct influence of a British Prime Minister. Neither he nor his Ministers sit in Congress, or have any hold over its proceedings, and the jealousy of the

Senate, always the stubbornest of legislative bodies, is quick to resent any appearance of dictation from the other end of Pennsylvania Avenue.

An immense amount of adroitness in handling men, conciliating troublesome groups, flattering important mediocrities and so on is required by a President who wants



Mr. Gwilym Rowlands, a former pit-boy, has been elected Chairman of the Council of the Union of Conservatives and Unionist Associations. Mr. Rowlands is the first working man to occupy the position.

to see his ideas translated into laws. Mr. Hoover has the knack of inspiring enthusiasm in the men under him when there is a definite job to be done, but the rarer diplomatic gifts have never been reckoned as part of his equipment. The abler he is and the more strenuous, the more likely is he to be blocked.

Poor Public Life.

I SHOULD very much question the report that Mr. Calvin Coolidge, New Englander though he is, has managed to save £80,000 during his five and a half years in

the White House. In salary and allowances during that period he would only have received about £130,000, and the obligatory expenses, even of a President who has delighted in cutting everything to the bone, must have been considerable.

There are not many high offices anywhere in the world to-day that leave a man richer than they found him. All our British Cabinet ministers are handsomely out of pocket on their beggarly salaries. In the old days there were men who saved on their stipends as Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, and at least one recent Viceroy of India was able to remit substantial sums home with some regularity.

The Attorney and the Solicitor-General are profitable posts, but almost wholly because of the fees attaching to them. Otherwise Governors-General, Lord Mayors and all the holders of more or less decorative offices have to pay heavily for their dignities. Ambassadors, too, learn as they go on the wisdom of the rule that makes the possession of a private income a condition of entrance into the diplomatic service. Public life is a career, not a means of livelihood.



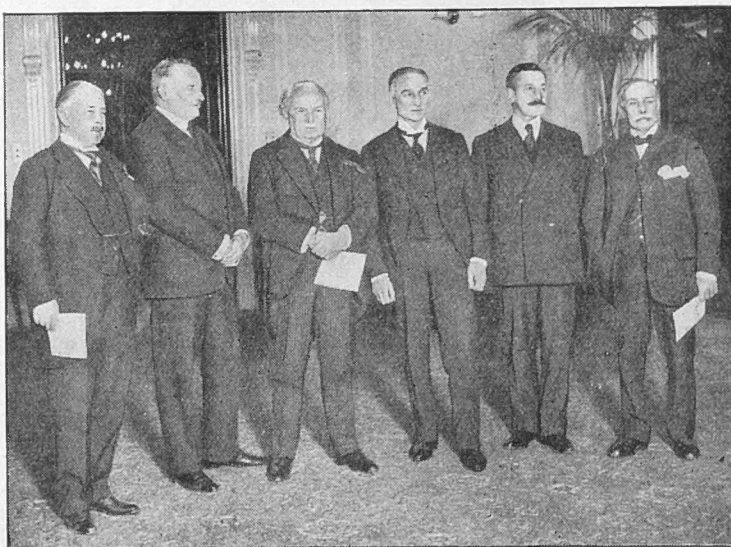
Miss Rosa Ponselle, the American-born prima-donna. Her greatest success has been in the title part in Bellini's "Norma." She will appear at Covent Garden this year.

A Social Upheaval.

LAST week-end was one of the great British festivals that the papers never mention but that the railway companies and the seaside hotels rejoice in. Men left their businesses and their golf to take part in it; women dropped their much more strenuous avocations and announced themselves simply as mothers.

It was, in short, mid-term, and in no other country in the world could it cause such a social upheaval. People are always attacking the British schools, but in my experience they are the only ones that command loyalty. The fathers who caught late trains last Friday night to spend Saturday and Sunday with their boys at the old school were just as happy as the boys themselves.

I have never known an American, a Frenchman or a German who kept up the least interest in his school. His university, yes; but foreign schools, mainly because they do nothing but teach while ours do everything except teach, never hold the place in an adult man's affections that they do her.



Mr. Lloyd George delivered an important speech last week dealing with the Liberal Party's General Election policy. He is here seen at a reception at the Connaught Rooms, London, with the leaders of the party: (Left to right) Sir Robert Hutchison, Lord Beauchamp, Lord Reading, Sir Herbert Samuel and Sir Charles Hobhouse.

The Honours List.

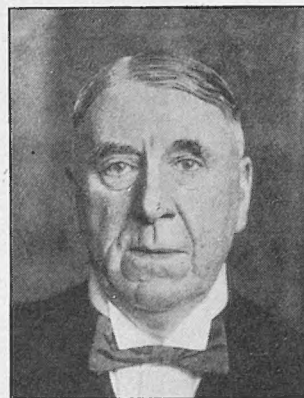
"OH! don't worry me about it. Make anybody anything you like." It was so, according to a tale that may not have been altogether apocryphal, that Lord Salisbury, the great Lord Salisbury, the last of the Victorian Conservatives, is said to have spoken to his private secretary when the time for another Honours List had come round.

He was a wise man and dodged whatever trouble he could. I suppose no duty ever pursued him, as Prime Minister, so irksome, so distasteful, so delicately important and yet so intrinsically trivial, as that of preparing the New Year's list of honours for submission to his Sovereign.

He hated everything connected with it—the fussy, blatant claimants and wirepullers who had somehow established a position from which they could not be dislodged and

Mr. Broughton's Peerage.

AMONG the new titles, the peerage conferred on Mr. Urban Broughton struck me as particularly graceful. His father, who died at the end of January, was to have been made a Baron and in the ordinary course of things would thus have enjoyed his title for little more than three weeks. It was a felicitous thing to pass on to his widow and his son the rank that would have been theirs but for the King's illness. The new peer is an ex-guardsman with a chin, a taste for pictures, china,



New Year's Honours. Sir Berkeley Moynihan, K.C.M.G., C.B., President of the Royal College of Surgeons, who has been made a Baron.



An Honour for the Arts. Mr. Frederick Delius, the orange planter, who became a composer, is made a Companion of Honour for his services to music.



Mr. Urban Huttleston Rogers Broughton becomes a Baron. His father, Mr. Urban Hanlon Broughton, would have been recommended for the honour but died five weeks ago.



The Motoring Industry Honoured. Mr. W. R. Morris, who has done so much to promote the British light car industry, receives a baronetcy.

himself, most of all, for yielding to their importunities. The head of a family that had governed England for four hundred years and more, what possible interest could it have for him to add a coat of aristocratic varnish to one of the "new men," the most forward member of the plebeian hustling mob?

Quality and Dignity.

BUT I think the Honours List that was published last week would have satisfied even his exacting standards. It was by far the best thing of its kind we have had since the war. Industry, politics, medicine, music, the public service, the drama, were all represented on it. The catholicity of selection with which the Prime Minister had chosen was the best proof that he had chosen wisely.

Most of his nominees had to be taken, as usual, on trust. But in Mr. Baldwin's case that trust could be given. People felt instinctively that he could never recommend for any office men or women who would not fill it with credit. The country enjoyed no such confidence under Mr. Lloyd George and the Coalition, or even under Mr. Ramsay MacDonald.

It is one of the most palpable, and least-mentioned, achievements of the present Government that it has reduced the length, improved the quality, and restored the dignity of the Honours List.

horses and travel, and the author and publisher of a superbly printed and illustrated history of his old regiment, the 1st Life Guards.

His father was a man with a style all his own. I never saw him on the golf links, on his yacht, at the Carlton Club, where he played his daily rubber of bridge, or anywhere else, without being struck afresh by the immaculate finish of his appearance and the completeness of his air of handsome good breeding. Neither in dress, language nor accent did he betray the slightest trace of having spent most of his life in America. He "remained an Englishman" with an imperturbable matter-of-factness I have never seen approached.



The Duke of York presents the King's Cup for the best thoroughbred stallion at the Hunter's Show at the Royal Agricultural Hall.

A Picture of Mr Baldwin.

MR. BALDWIN received congratulations from everyone the other day on his twenty-first birthday as an M.P. They were quite unforced. The House that knows him well, and the man in the street who judges him at a distance and by intuition, both have the same sort of liking for him. He is so transparently square, English, warm-hearted, and gentlemanly.

I have never known precisely what part he took in the famous firm that built up the family fortune—once a very substantial affair, now greatly reduced—nor can I easily associate him with the direction of steel works. An old manor house, a mellow, musty-smelling library, orchards, dogs, farm-stock, an old garden with wonderful old trees, and the owner of it all leading the quiet, busy and friendly life of the English country gentleman—that is the sort of picture in which Mr. Baldwin seems best to fit.

It is a solid background, full of sterling worth and genial competence and we have never had a Prime Minister who embodied and reflected it like Mr. Baldwin.

The Only Possible Leader.

BY all odds he is the luckiest politician of our times. The series of accidents and coincidences that brought him to the leadership of the Conservative party and to No. 10 at one culminating stroke—and without his lifting more than a little finger to shape events—belongs much more to the realm of fairy-tales than to the normal jostlings of politics. And then the first rash use he made of power and the miracle by which he was allowed a second chance—only a man born under a lucky star could have recovered from such a start.

But office has suited Mr. Baldwin. He has matured more in the last six years than in the whole of the first decade and a half of his Parliamentary life. He has grown into his post with the right air of tranquil good-humoured authority. Level-headed and lovable, unfurried and tenacious, and above all a man with an intense national spirit, he has given Conservatism a wider basis than it has ever had before in British history. There are abler and more brilliant men than he in the party, but so long as he remains in politics he is its only possible leader.

THE THINGS

The Air Force to the Rescue

By E. M. ROSSITER

TO the credit side of aviation now stands the withdrawal of 600 people—men, women and children of ten nationalities—from the midst of a cut-throat war in Afghanistan. A rescue operation which, in the absence of aircraft, could not have been envisaged except in terms of an army engaged for many months, with the probability of heavy losses and small hope of success, has been conducted by a few aircraft in a period of weeks, without casualties, and, indeed, without resort to force on either side.

From their base at Peshawar, the Royal Air Force have successfully transported to safety practically the whole of the European community of Kabul, besides the deposed Afghan rulers and their families, whose lives were depending on the slender thread of Afghan self-control. Fortunately, this was never put to the strain. Air transport averted tragedy.

In the language of the R.A.F., it was "a good show." Flying repeatedly across a stretch of the foulest imaginable flying country, over mountains otherwise almost impenetrable, often in the teeth of winter storms, with the aerodrome at Kabul frequently under fire or unusable owing to heavy snow, and with the ever-present chance of falling a victim to the pot-shot of some roving tribesman, the withdrawal was completed with barely one untoward incident.

THERE was never a better example of aircraft serving as a blessing to the world instead of a curse, and never a more soundly organised or more brilliantly executed feat of airmanship under appallingly difficult conditions. Upwards of eighty flights were made between Peshawar and Kabul in the course of the operation, with the loss from all causes of only one machine, and one engine which had to be scrapped.

A pilot of a Vickers' "Victoria" who was forced down with water in the petrol managed to make an extraordinary landing on a small rock platform within a few yards of a 2,000 feet precipice, while in another case a machine riddled with bullets was refitted with a fresh engine brought from Peshawar and flown again on the following day.

A new significance has been given to the rapid mobilisation of air power for the defence of the Empire. The Vickers' "Victoria" troop-carriers of No. 70 (Bombing) Squadron which undertook the main burden of the rescue work were flown to India from Iraq, a distance of 2,500 miles. They arrived in two days. As troop-carriers they carry 23 armed infantrymen; and it is clear that, if an emergency arose to require it, they could not merely bring civilians out of a threatened area but put in fighting men supported by air power.

Thus, the Air Staff conception of the Air Forces of the Empire being equipped a few

years hence with aircraft possessing such a range of flight that they could move from one British territory to another without landing on foreign soil, and concentrate at any point where danger threatens, gains added force and reality from the events at Kabul. The value of the Air Force in times of emergency was clearly emphasised in the recent troubles in Afghanistan. It was indeed "The Air Force to the Rescue."



The R.A.F. performed a notable feat in evacuating the members of the British Mission and other foreigners from Kabul. Our illustration shows some of our planes at Kabul aerodrome.

Films that Disgrace the Empire

By CAPTAIN E. M. WALKER, A.I.R.O.

THE remarks of an Indian crowd streaming out of a picture-house indicate the importance of the film in that country. I have heard some of them, the so-called educated, gloat over the "undress" of the vamp, and envy her lover. The shop-keeper class discuss the wiles of the jewel crook, and wonder if their own safes are burglar-proof. The lower and illiterate classes, who form the majority, remark that the police seemed only too willing to take "graft." The actions of the hero pass unnoticed in a welter of love and crime.

The picture they have seen, like more than 95 per cent. of the films shown in India, is American. It is significant that only the bad points have caught their attention; the few good ones have failed to make an impression. The effects of these pictures on an impressionable people, already willing to believe anything vile of the British, are disastrous.

Hollywood's lurid

misrepresentations of life are quite different from the simple dramas the Indian knows so well. They see gods, kings, "houris," demons, and holy men; who war, make love, dance, cause mischief, and cast out devils. The main characters live and die nobly, the villain is always slain, and virtue triumphs. Every story contains a homely moral, whilst a strong religious background ensures their popularity.

IN the cinemas, however, they see something new. With their slow understanding, poisoned by cunning slander, they are convinced that what they see actually occurs every day in English homes. Are not the players dressed the same as the white men and women they know? Do they not eat, drink, and display their women to the public gaze as do the "sahib log" they meet every day? Is not a woman who displays more than part of her face and ankles unchaste? What must they think of the sickening parade of femininity the American producers serve up?

Unfortunately they cannot discriminate between Americans and British, and assume that all the characters belong to the better-known nation.

The censors do their best at the ports of entry, but when 90 per cent. of the films arriving are sex problems and crook stories in their worst form, what can they do? They must admit enough to keep the picture houses going, to amuse those who pay to be amused.

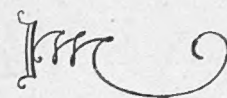
If we are to live up to the high ideals we profess to India's teeming millions, we can help by showing them in pictures the Englishman's real way of living. Give them pure, honest portrayals of English life, love, and sport.

British companies have a great opportunity to produce films which entertain without degrading our ideals of Empire.



British prestige in the East may be undermined by undesirable films. For instance, in the eyes of many Indians a woman who shows more than part of her face and ankles is considered unchaste.

THAT HAPPEN



Cheap Money and Stabilisation

By the RIGHT HON. JOSIAH C. WEDGWOOD, D.S.O., M.P.

IT was an awful moment when they unpegged the exchange away back in March, 1919. The pound dropped from the pegged figure of \$4.76 to about \$3.70, and anybody who wanted could buy English goods and pay in cheap pounds. The bankers, being creditors, hated it; the Government resisted it; but it had to come, for we were losing a million a week of the taxpayers' money. That awful day will not appear in Mr. Churchill's "Aftermath"; even economic historians try to slur it over, for the situation was insane.

Then high profits piled up savings; good American dollars came here and bought up cheap English pounds; so even gold accumulated and gradually the pound rose again. Till at last, late in 1924, it was quoted at \$4.66. The pound was worth 19s.

Then the banks took a hand and the trick was done. It was a proud day when Mr. Churchill stabilised the £ at \$4.86½, and once more allowed free trade in gold at dollar parity. By credits and temporary expedients the exchange was worked up from 19s. to 20s.; and then England was itself again, and Winston put on his halo. All people who had money to lend were delighted—and foreigners could no longer buy English goods with cheap pounds.

OUR export trade did not know that the blow had been given. In Parliament only Mr. Pethick Lawrence and myself dared to make an agonised protest:—"Stabilise by all means, but at 19s. and not at this artificial figure of \$4.86½, which increases all debts." "Neither inflate, nor deflate," but they inflated all debts, and left industry to carry the baby.

Then the big new English pound began to go abroad, buying up cheap inferior currencies—lending money abroad—investing abroad. This would never do. Gold was

going abroad, not goods. Money would be too dear for English industries. So the Treasury put an embargo on foreign loans, and that stopped both gold and goods from going abroad. We had to keep up our gold reserves or the Bank Rate would go up. And, as we had stabilised on the basis of free exchange of gold, we could not say, "You must take goods, you can't take gold." They told us America was gorged with gold, and that we must be driven to pay our debt in goods. "If they do not like our goods, they can drop the debt," or so they said. But here is America, after three years, after the last Morgan credit has vanished, taking the gold all right, needing it even apparently. So we have to raise our Bank Rate far above the Bank Rate in New York, in order to get the gold back and find cheap money for our industries—some day.

The one advantage of a high Bank Rate is that it encourages savings. If it does, and if we do, we may then be able some day to save enough to make money cheap again. But the Government has increased all our debts by 5 per cent., and we have got to pay off that first, before industry can get back to where it was before we began to juggle with the currency.

Unconquerable Britain

By the HON. J. M. CREED

I VENTURE to think that at no time was the peace of the world so well ensured as when Great Britain was all-powerful, but refrained from exercising her power except it was to the general world-wide advantage. To-day we must face a changed situation. Britain is no longer all-powerful, perhaps she can never again indulge in the luxury of splendid isolation. But there remain measures which, given the support of a large proportion of the British people, would again place her in a position of dominance, to the benefit of mankind and the world in general.

If Britain could

make hostile nations understand that she would be unconquerable for at least twelve months, none would dare assail her, for the undertaking would be too great; and the small nations would, as of old, cluster round her for countenance and protection. She would also be in a position to negotiate wholly on her own initiative without consulting—except so far as might be deemed politic—with any other peoples.

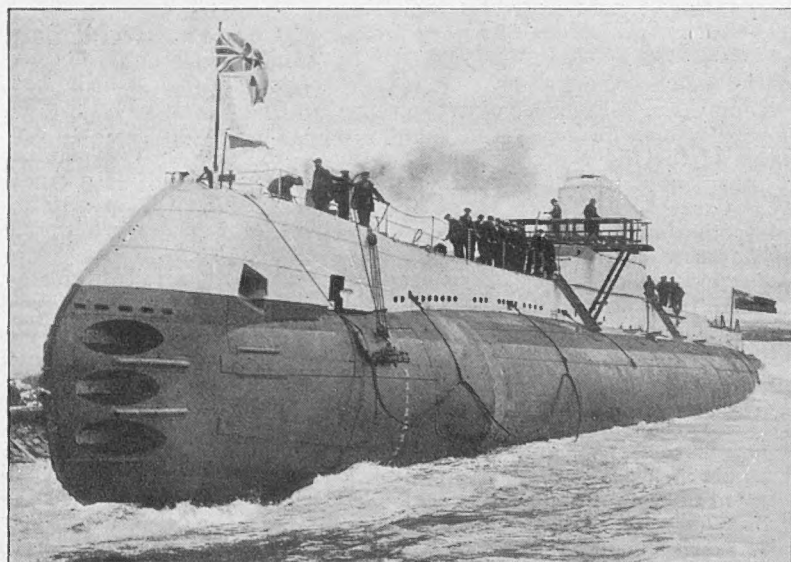


Young Empire Builders: A draft of 30 boys sailed for New Zealand last week under the auspices of the Shipowners' Fund Farm Training Scheme. Lord Jellicoe, who is seen among the boys, gave them an encouraging send-off.

How could this desirable position be attained by our race? It could be accomplished by the simple expedient of storing twelve months' provisions of all kinds within England, Scotland and Wales. Sustenance for a year would then be ensured in the possible event of a successful blockade by submarines and aeroplanes, and such victualing would bring the aggressor to terms, possibly of the most humiliating character, in a very brief period.

THE one essential point to be kept in mind would be the safety of these foodstuffs from the enemy's emissaries using explosives. This, in itself, presents no insuperable difficulties. A certain reliance must be placed upon aircraft, and I personally approve of Earl Roberts's suggestion that all able-bodied Britishers should receive such military training as would make them quickly available for active defence if it became necessary. Such a position would add to British security so greatly that it would render the concentration of the whole of the navy on her coasts unnecessary, the larger part being freed to undertake offensive operations in any part of the world.

I should propose provisioning Britain for twelve months; with the sale of all perishable stores month by month as time expires and the purchase of fresh ones to replace them. As the safety of the whole Empire would depend on the non-conquest of headquarters, I suggest that the stores for the first period should be purchased by the Dominions, but the renewals would be, in great measure, paid for by the returns from those disposed of.



New British Submarine: The Orpheus, the latest submarine, was launched from the Beardmore Yard at Dalmuir. The submarine is seen taking the water.

A Man's Outlook

A Weekly Contribution of Random Thoughts on Current Affairs

By Crawford Price

I DO not know for how much the I.L.P. still counts in the counsels of the Labour Party proper. I hope for little, because since Labour has established itself as the second party in the State and may one day assume the reins of government in full power and knee breeches, the fewer political and economic lunatics it houses the better.

I have heard Conservative members, who hotly disagree with his politics, refer to Mr. Maxton as the embodiment of impassioned sincerity. This superlative British attitude, however, holds manifest dangers. There is no safety in sincerity. Our asylums are overflowing with obviously sincere people whose sincerity is rightly regarded as a menace to the community. As a small boy I was once chased by a bull whose sincerity left absolutely nothing to the imagination.

WE can only know these people by their works, and the works of the gentlemen who control the utopian destinies of the I.L.P. seem to place them some distance outside the realm of political sanity.

Take, for example, the recently published proposals of the "Living Income Committee." There is to be an allowance of 5s. per week for each child, a 44-hour week, and a minimum wage, fixed by Act of Parliament, for all workers, irrespective of occupation. As it is admitted that practically every trade in the country would put in an application for the minimum wage, and suggested that the minimum wage should also be the basis of unemployment allowances, it follows that wages would be generally higher than at present and that there would be as much profit in loafing about as in working for a living. And yet it is conceded that the problem of securing a real living income must "mainly depend on the work of the nation being made more productive as a whole."

THE desire for the establishment of a living wage is not, of course, a monopoly of the I.L.P. A general rise in the standard of existence is the ideal of every party, and perhaps the Conservatives have done more than any other body of politicians to achieve it. But it is now inferred that the individual can take out of industry more than he puts into it, and that the State must make up the balance. But the State, after all, is just you and me and industry, and it cannot live by taking in its own washing.

This nation, at all events, can only live by commercial acumen, hard work for as many hours as is necessary, the intelligent disposal of its wares, and the development of "invisible" exports to remedy an adverse trade balance. Schemes such as those propounded by the I.L.P. merely encourage the idle, dishearten the industrious, and mislead those who are suffering from the repercussion of bad trade. The trouble is that they also mislead an uninformed electorate—and that, maybe, is their object.

THOSE who see in an Anglo-American understanding the only solid foundation on which the peace of the world can rest profoundly deplored the suspicion



The flight to Basra: A fleet of giant flying boats left Calshot last week en route for Basra, a journey of 5,000 miles. They will be on duty there for two years. The picture shows them being made ready for the flight.

generated by the unhappy Anglo-French negotiations last summer which, incidentally, led to the triumph of the Big Navy group in America. To that extent the undiplomatic diplomacy of Great Britain undoubtedly contributed to the existing friction. Nor would it be unwise to ignore the fact that America is determined that "The Freedom of the Seas" shall in future mean freedom for American merchandise to go where it likes when it likes, in war as in peace. What is to be the upshot of it all?

WAR between Great Britain and the U.S.A. is so often referred to as "unthinkable" that most people in this country fail to appreciate the extent of the ill-feeling which has steadily grown up on the other side of the Atlantic. The outspoken article by Mr. Frank H. Simmonds which appears on page 339 of this issue comes, therefore, as a timely warning that all is not well in our two worlds.

Mr. Simmonds is in no respect what his fellow countrymen would call a boob, sap, dumbbell, or flat tyre; neither is he a German-American denizen of the Middle West. He is a very cosmopolitan, much-travelled American; an authority on European politics, and the Editor of the *New York Review of Reviews*. As such his opinions, unpleasant though they may be, are worthy of serious consideration.

There is no necessity, however, to invest them with more than their due meed of importance. The problem of "The Freedom of the Seas" is there, and until diplomacy takes it in hand and solves it, ill-feeling and criticism will batten on its carcase. But a great deal of the existing unpleasantness is artificial, due partly to a misunderstanding of British motives, partly to unprecedented affluence, and partly to the action of an insidious German propaganda which covets American support in the present Reparations discussion.

UNFORTUNATELY, we take no adequate steps to counteract these nefarious influences. Our Foreign Office spends no money (in fact, has no money to spend) on propaganda, our diplomats say the right thing at the wrong time and get themselves disowned by Downing Street, and we manage, very successfully, to broadcast the impression that Great Britain is going to the dogs.

And yet we know that whenever British and Americans foregather, good-fellowship reigns supreme, and anything in the nature of international friction seems, in very truth, to be "unthinkable." We rarely meet other foreigners on this ground. The moral is obvious.

INCIDENTALLY, nothing could be more significant of the change which has overtaken the American attitude towards this country than the attempts which are now being made to distort the causes of the intervention of 1917. In that year Mr. Lansing, Secretary of State, assured the officers of the Reserve Corps that it was better to "unite with Germany's enemies now than to fight single-handed."

Yet now Mr. Simmonds comes along with the extraordinary discovery that the U.S.A. were "plunged into the war as a direct consequence of the British invasion of our unquestioned rights." The Americans may, of course, have known this all the time; but, if so, their utterances during the past twelve years or so have strangely belied their sentiments. To fight Germany in order to get even with Britain would have been a sorry way of doing things. We prefer, on this side, to believe that the "dough-boys" faced death in support of a cause which was just, honourable and humanitarian.

The Woman's View

*A Modern Woman's Commentary
on the Topics of the Day*

By Rosita Forbes

AN eminent young Catholic once told me that he'd never understood the meaning of the word "eternity" till he called on a Cardinal without an appointment. The same feeling assailed me when I tried to hurry, not the East, but the sales machinery in one of London's biggest stores. Everyone seemed to be having tea at the same time and at the other end of nowhere.

British goods are in many ways the best in the world, but British imagination is a long way behind its foreign competitors. "I'd rather take on something I've done before" or "something I know all about," is the attitude with which I've so often been faced in ordering modern accessories for my ultra-modern house. When, despairingly, I've taken my Arabian Nights' ideas to a foreigner, the answer is always, "Well, why not? It'll be most amusing to try."

Business is the greatest adventure in the world, and our salesmen ought to be as much pioneers as Drake and Cecil Rhodes. But, during the prosperity of the short Edwardian age, everyone and everything came to London and there was no need for us to travel, except for pleasure. Consequently, we are even less in touch with the foreign point of view than America. I heard of an English firm which exported its goods to South America, the richest of our potential markets, priced in L.S.D. and measured in yards, so that at the very outset the buyer would be irritated by unnecessary arithmetic.

WE may be a nation of shopkeepers, but we are not natural salesmen. I remember travelling to some manufacturing town with a very intelligent young commercial traveller who told me he was throwing up his job because his fiancée complained that a salesman had no social position. How antediluvian!

In America everyone is a salesman of some sort or another, and personality, with a capital P, is youth's biggest asset. He won't waste it on a profession if he can get into business. Once there, he begins a sort of self-investment scheme, spending all and more than his salary to produce an impression of success. He backs himself not only with his brains, but with every penny he earns. Consequently, the American salesman combines all the qualities of a K.C. and a popular actor.

What we want in England is a new point of view. Commerce is the greatest of the professions for to it alone we look for a new England, where every man and woman will have, not only the right but the opportunity to work. Granted this hypothesis, the honour of the shop will be as important as the honour of the regiment, and the salesman as keen to "deliver the goods," as the

junior subaltern is to live up to the mess. The Army and the Civil Service, all the young men who leave Sandhurst and the universities to rule native territories larger than English counties, have to learn the other fellow's language and the fellow's point of view. Why not our salesmen who link the chain of supply and demand all over the world?

VIENNA has been trying to produce a faked slave film and, in ignorance, presumably, rather than on account of the suggested anti-British complex, Michael Esterhazy chose Tanganyika for his location. Had he gone less far or a little further, he could have taken a genuine film, providing



Harems of Eastern potentates, with which the "Arabian Nights" have familiarised us, are strictly guarded from curious eyes. Our photograph shows the kiosk of a harem at Constantinople, and the divans used by the wives of Abdul Hamid.

his cameras were not mistaken for maxim guns! In the Libian desert I had no difficulty in purchasing camel-drivers for £17 apiece—a dozen of them were paraded in front of me so that I might, personally, test their muscles.

But Kufra apparently is one of the few places where woman is still rated very much higher than man. Female slaves are sold by private treaty in the blind-walled mud houses, but the least expensive I saw was priced at £35, and purchasers were warned that she had a bad temper! In Yemen I met a European woman in a harem. She was fair, apple-cheeked and blue-eyed. In fact she looked like a Swiss peasant, and she'd been sold by her relatives in exchange for a coffee concession. In Jeddah a few years ago, the anti-slavery campaign waged by our government was hampered by the fact that a consular colleague was himself a slave owner. The last time I was there, a merchant offered to procure me a fair

Circassian for £100, but he said it would take him several months to fulfil such an order.

THE lot of the Eastern slave is no different from that of the family he or she serves. According to the law, the slave must eat the same food and wear the same clothes as his master. When a bondswoman marries, she can claim a daughter's dowry from her owner and re-entry to his house if her husband maltreats her. If she bears her lord a child, she is automatically freed.

When I stay in the average Eastern house, it takes me several days to discover which of the women are slaves and which are relatives or servants.

In Abyssinia, the Powers recently insisted on an edict, which freed all slaves on the death of their owner. From a pampered life, in which their only duties had been to wear gorgeous clothes and carry a rifle in processions, they became outcasts, with no means of subsistence, since land and labour are communal, except their rifles. They took these to the northern mountains and swelled to alarming proportions the bands of brigands which make travelling both dangerous and expensive.

THE paradise of plumbers is likely to endure for some months, for not since 1893 have they garnered such a harvest. More than five million pipes, radiators and cisterns burst last month and the plumbers are still hard at it. It appears that we have too few plumbers, only 34,542 to cope with a couple of million pounds worth of repairs, but every one of them should be certain of employment, not to speak of a warm, if damp, welcome till well into the summer.

WHILE we have been begging baths, Berlin has been indulging in an orgy of midnight swimming-parties. At one £5,000 evening, floating buffets provided the guests with sustenance in the form of caviare and smoked salmon; and hundreds of live fish were poured into the bath.

It is Hungary, however, which really understands the rite of the bath. In Budapest there is a swimming pool, which, like the hair of its habitués, is permanently waved! Every ten minutes a bell rings, the weaklings plunge shorewards, where in the gayest of bathing wraps, they drink cocktails or dance to a gypsy orchestra, and huge waves, electrically produced, roll the length of the bath.

EDITORIALS

BRITANNIA

is published every Friday by
BRITISH NATIONAL NEWSPAPERS LTD.
Inveresk House, Strand, London.

Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper and for transmission by Canadian Magazine Post. Postage: British Isles, Canada and Newfoundland, 1½d. per copy; other places abroad, 2½d.

Telephone: CITY 1522 (16 lines) Telegrams: "Flamtorch. London."

All MSS. should be addressed to the Editor and accompanied by a stamped addressed envelope.

ROUND THE SAME TABLE.

OUR old friend, "the Intelligent Foreigner," must often be puzzled by our Industrial Politics. Take, for example, that remarkable body, the Trades Union Congress, commonly known as the T.U.C. In 1926 its General Council was riding the storm and directing the whirlwind of the General Strike; one of its recent presidents was an Honorary Member of the Moscow Soviet, and its present Executive includes Mr. A. J. Cook, the white-headed or rather red-headed boy of the revolutionary Minority Movement. Yet the General Council of the T.U.C. recently accepted an invitation from Capitalism incarnate, the Federation of British Industries and the National Confederation of Employers' Organisations, to sit round the same table and concert measures of peace and goodwill.

How shall we explain these contradictions? Partly, no doubt, by what is called the swing of the pendulum, partly by what some describe as compromise and others as humbug.

To go back a little for our explanation, the General Strike very nearly brought the "Movement" to utter wreck and ruin. Members fell away in thousands from their Trade Unions, there were bitter recriminations among the leaders, and the T.U.C., always a thing of glue and twine, very nearly came to pieces. There was one thing which shone out very plainly over a bleak landscape—that the General Strike had been a frost, a wash-out, an utter and unmitigated failure. It had nearly smashed the Trade Unions, it had compromised the Labour Party, and disgusted the country. Mr. Cook and Mr. Hicks were proportionately depressed; indeed Mr. Hicks promptly became a "Moderate"; Mr. Thomas, Mr. Citrine and their friends of the Moderate Party were able to say—"I told you so."

The Mond-Turner Conference.

WHEN the T.U.C. was in this quandary, Sir Alfred Mond (now Lord Melchett) came along with a life-line in the shape of his famous invitation.

There have been speculations as to the motive which inspired this kindly act. The uncharitable suggest that the head of Imperial Chemicals might find the support of the Labour Party convenient in the House of Commons. The kindlier and possibly the true explanation is that the great financier was inspired by a genuine desire to rescue the Trade Unionists from their Socialist shipwreck. Whatever the reason, the rope came along in the nick of time, and the shivering survivors of the General Strike swarmed up it and fairly tumbled on to the friendly decks of Big Business.

Once aboard, they eagerly proceeded to the discussion of how general and other strikes were to be avoided in the future by the expedient commonly known among politicians as "some machinery." Their ideas being on the large side they devised a scheme for a National Industrial Council, a sort of industrial League of Nations which would make all future wars impossible. But here an unforeseen difficulty blocked the way. Mr. Turner might (or might not) be able to command all the Trade Unions rather loosely affiliated to the T.U.C., but Lord Melchett and his friends certainly did not represent British employers as a whole.

The Employers' View.

SOME of these employers no doubt feel the danger of making any move which might strengthen and confirm the "One Big Union" idea which lurks somewhere behind the T.U.C., and do not want to do anything which might force either working men into Trade Unions or Trade Unions into one amalgamation. Nor would they care to desert those non-political Trade Unions which sprang up in protest against the tyranny of the General Strike.

Then there are, already, in many if not most industries systems of conciliation between masters and men which work very well, and make the proposed "machinery" in their view superfluous. But, at any rate, as they had not been consulted, it was unreasonable to expect British employers with one accord to say ditto to Lord Melchett and Mr. Turner. The two biggest bodies of employers, nevertheless, while not accepting the Mond-Turner plan, have invited the T.U.C. to a fresh conference to go into the whole subject. Thus the smoking flax is not quenched.

Let us hope it will come to something. In the United States, where wages were never so high nor employment so good, employer and employed habitually put their heads together for the good of their industry, and the Trade Unions over there only begin to get busy when the Boss misses an order. Strikes are a diminishing factor, and Socialism almost non-existent. And here lies the real danger in this country. Our Trade Unionists are tempted by the strength of their Labour Party to believe that there is a short cut to everything they want by way of Socialism—and that road leads down to Revolution and Ruin.

The British public, the General Strike being over, is too apt to think that all danger is past and that the "Moderates" are firmly in control of the Labour Party. The truth we take to be the contrary.

No Socialist politician can be really moderate, and the "Extremists" would speedily take charge if the Socialists came into power.

Dancing Partners.

HOW shall we define the relations between the Communists and the Socialists? Karl Marx, who is their common founder, used the two words indifferently. The Bolsheviks have always called themselves Socialists, as we see in the title of their State—the Union of Socialist Soviet Republics. They only began to be called Communists in this country when they inconsiderately went so far as to frighten the British public.

Then it was thought wise over here to make a distinction; but there is no real difference of principle between them. The explosive stuff is accepted by both, and was quite recently put into a single phrase by that

"Moderate," Mr. Philip Snowden, when he said that wealth was the cause of poverty. How could any man who accepts so hideous a fallacy be a Moderate? If so believing he temporised with Capitalism, he would be a traitor to his cause.

There lies the true weakness of the "Moderates." They have accepted violence in principle so that their moderation in practice can be represented as a betrayal. It is this which makes them helpless to oppose the more determined and ruthless comrades who represent them as lukewarm to the rank-and-file. The most extreme is the most logical. Comrade Maxton denounces Comrade MacDonald for his moderation; but Comrade Maxton himself knows that he is suspect of being himself too moderate and must keep on lashing himself to fury in order to avoid suspicion.

There is, of course, an ostentatious separation. The Communists are with great ceremony refused the Party whips or admission to the Party conferences, and this divorce becomes more pronounced with the approach of the General Elections. Yet let the Government say a word or attempt action against the Communists and it is astonishing to see the eagerness with which the Socialists rush to their defence.

The Communists must not be admitted to the Party, but they must not be put out of the country! Fraternal relations are for ever broken, but diplomatic relations must be at once resumed! These and other suspicious symptoms should serve to warn the British public of the hidden explanation: the Labour Party is controlled by its caucus, and the caucus is under the influence of the Communists.



PLAIN MAN: "But I was only taking a walk!"

P.C. DORA: "I dare say, but this is the twentieth century, and the sooner you learn that you can't do as you like, the better."

Retribution

A Naval War Story of the future By Taffrail.

(Commander Taprell Dorling, D.S.O., R.N.)

In Far Eastern waters a hostile fleet, convoying transports, meets a small British fleet which has orders to delay the enemy, an operation which is satisfactorily carried out, but with great loss. A t.b.d. escapes and communicates with the main fleet, but only narrowly evades destruction.

All British vessels and aircraft had been ordered to concentrate upon one subject, the sinking of the enemy transports. Until this was done they were to avoid as far as possible becoming embroiled with men-of-war.

With some advantage in speed the British cruisers and destroyers slipped round the flank of the enemy's advanced force and raced practically unscathed through a torrent of shell-fire to fall upon the helpless merchantmen beyond.

Torpedo after torpedo, shell after shell, was fired at close range into a huddled mass of steamships careering confusedly in all directions. Some collided. Aircraft swooping down from overhead added to the confusion with bombs and machine-gun fire. Before long transports were sinking. The placid sea became dotted with wreckage and the heads of Northern soldiers struggling for their lives.

ARLEY, the lieutenant-commander of the destroyer *Actinia*, steamed at something like 33 knots through an acre or more of water littered with flotsam and hundreds of bobbing heads. He had an indescribable feeling of elation, which was repeated when a salvo of his 4.7 inch shell burst redly at point-blank range along the waterline of a pot-bellied merchant ship at least eight times the size of his *Actinia*. He could have yelled with joy when one of his torpedoes smote another amidships in a mast-high column of water and a muffled explosion which presently caused her to fling her dripping bows skywards.

Sir Robert had carried out his orders. In a little more than half an hour the enemy attempt on Singapore was utterly frustrated. For the Northern army it was a ghastly holocaust.

But in the fighting that ensued with the enemy men-of-war the British squadron, hopelessly outnumbered, suffered heavy loss. Arley himself saw the *Northumberland*, Sir Robert's flagship, torn in two by three rapid salvos from a battle-cruiser. Two more British cruisers and a destroyer limped away in sinking condition presently to receive their *coup de grâce*. Others steamed off in various directions as the engagement developed into a series of individual ship-to-ship encounters and chases which lasted until night.

SEPARATED from her flotilla, or what remained of it, during an attack on a division of Northern battleships after dark, Arley had

Torpedo after torpedo, shell after shell, was fired at close range into a huddled mass of steamships careering confusedly in all directions.

WAR had come when utterly unexpected between Great Britain and the Northern Revolutionary Coalition. Vice-Admiral Sir Robert Tonbridge, the British Commander-in-Chief on the China Station, while being ordered to play a waiting game until the arrival of reinforcements, had been definitely instructed to frustrate or delay any serious enemy attack upon Singapore. How he was to do it was left entirely to his own judgment. Nobody realised better than Sir Robert, however, that if the enemy did come south in force, it probably meant the sacrifice of his squadron. He had been ordered to "frustrate or delay." He could do neither without fighting.

Hidden away with his ships in a far southern anchorage which has no name, he received information first of the concentration of a large expeditionary force in Northland, then of its embarkation, and finally of its sailing in many transports escorted by the flower of the Northern fleet.

THE faint wireless of a watching submarine miles north told him that a veritable armada was passing through a certain position steering a southerly course. There came a second report, a third, and yet a fourth.

His enemy was getting close, and Sir Robert was not the man to hesitate. Weighing anchor, he took his squadron to sea. It was a few hours later that the chief of the Naval Staff in his room

at the Admiralty in London received his coded message. It was brief and to the point.

"Enemy 57 miles 055° position P 0930 to-day Thursday. Am sailing. Expect contact daylight to-morrow. Wish us luck."

Regardless of the odds against him, Sir Robert had determined to attack during daylight. It was more risky; but more certain, for a night attack was a precarious business at best, a mêlée in which the full effect of his limited gun and torpedo fire could not be developed.

Standing to the northward, he waited for what the next dawn would bring. His scouting aeroplanes were up before daylight, and by 7 o'clock there came the first reports of many enemy transports escorted by cruisers. Further news came in fast. The transports were escorted by an unknown number of men-of-war, which included battle-cruisers. The Northern battle-fleet, ten great ships, was next reported fifteen miles astern of the transports. A Northern aeroplane had been shot down in flames.

Working up to full speed the British squadron swept north with battle flags hoisted. Shortly before 9 the shapes of hostile cruisers were showing up over the skyline. Within a quarter of an hour the whole horizon to the northward seemed covered with enemy ships and overlaid with a pall of black smoke from countless funnels. The first salvo from the leading Northern battle-cruiser fell at 9.23. Sir Robert held his fire. For the time being his 8-inch guns were outraged.

the supreme satisfaction of slipping his last two torpedoes into their leader at a range of about 600 yards. The great ship went up in a great gout of smoke and flame which illuminated the sea for miles around. A magazine had exploded.

A moment later, however, the *Actinia* herself, lit up in the glare of the searchlights of the second and third ships in the line, came under a veritable tornado of fire. Her foremost funnel, struck at the base by a heavy shell, went overboard. The same projectile put the two foremost boilers completely out of action, carried away the mast, and riddled the bridge with splinters. Arley was wounded in the side and arm. Carver, the young sub-lieutenant, and eight men were killed outright. Heaven knows how many more were wounded. Nobody had time to count.

Another shell, exploding in the engine-room, wrecked the starboard turbine and brought the ship to a standstill. She was left for sinking, while the enemy, without tarrying to pick up the survivors from their leader, steamed on to vanish in the darkness.

Meryon, the lieutenant-commander (E), and his men worked wonders in getting the port turbine running again in the time they did, for it enabled the ship to limp off at 11 knots. In the early hours of the next morning, however, things were starting to go wrong in the engine-room. Urgent repairs were necessary, and Arley shaped course for a cluster of uninhabited islands some 250 miles eastward of Singapore. And as the dawn came out of the east in a blaze of scarlet and orange the destroyer crept wearily round a low, sandy promontory and came to an anchor.

She lay unusually deep in the water with a list to starboard, for she was leaking badly below the waterline. Three of her 4.7 inch guns were out of action, and she had expended all but forty rounds of ammunition. There were no torpedoes left, and of the ship's company of 120, seventy-three remained alive, many of these being wounded.

FULL daylight came to show the low shapes of other islands to the south and south-east: but the clear sky was innocent of the aircraft which Arley had dreaded. Except to the north-east, where a thin smear of what looked like funnel-smoke showed intermittently over the blue horizon, the sea was clear.

"I want the petty officer telegraphist," he said, turning to a signalman on the bridge, and drawing in his breath with a little hiss of pain. His roughly bandaged wounds were beginning to stiffen and to hurt abominably.

"He's knocked out, sir," came the reply.

"Dead?"

"Yes, sir."

Arley sighed. It seemed so short a time

before that he had seen the cheery, red-faced Marline proudly conducting his wife and two small children round the ship at Portsmouth, and had stopped to have a word with them. That was before the war was thought of. Now, six months later, Mrs. Marline was a widow. It seemed hard, somehow, damnably hard!

"Well, tell Stevens I want him."

Stevens, the leading telegraphist, presently appeared.

"How about your wireless?" Arley demanded.

"I've been tryin' to rig somethin' up all through the night, sir," the man answered, gazing ruefully aloft at where the mast with its aerials had once stood. "I've not had much luck, sir, some'ow."

"It's no good looking up there!" exclaimed Arley, momentarily irritated. "The mast's over the side, and you can't conjure the damned thing back again by peerin' aloft. Any damage to the instruments?"

"Splinters through the orifice, sir—they what killed the petty officer. No damage to instruments, sir—nothing serious, that is."

"Well, get busy, man!" ordered his captain. "For God's sake get a wriggle on! We want to intercept all we can, and to transmit, if necessary. Everything may depend upon it—literally everything—understand?"

For all Arley knew the *Actinia* might be the only ship left of the squadron which had steamed into action some twenty hours before and he the senior surviving officer. It was his duty to obtain news; if necessary to give it.

He climbed painfully down the steep ladder leading from his battered bridge to the deck of the fore-castle. Now that the excitement was over he felt utterly exhausted, as weak as a kitten. And that wounded arm of his hurt atrociously and seemed to be getting worse every moment. He tried to move it, and could almost have yelped with pain.

Halting for a moment, swaying and almost dizzy, he recovered himself and stumbled forward to enter the charthouse. But he never got there. He suddenly felt violently sick. His knees seemed to give way. A blackness swam before his eyes. The next moment he fainted right away.

ARLEY opened his eyes to find himself in the bunk in his sleeping cabin aft. He had been undressed and bandaged, and the pain in his arm and side had given way to a dull ache. But he felt happier altogether.

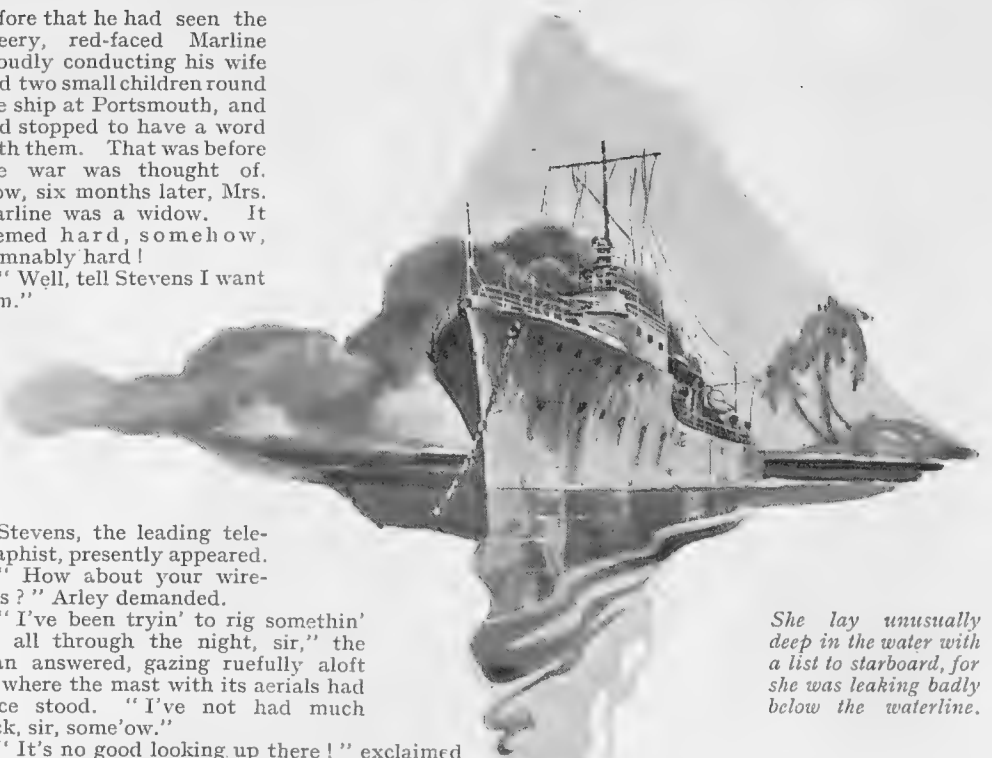
He could tell from the absence of vibration that the ship was still at anchor; but bed was no place for him. He must be up and doing, and throwing off the bedclothes raised himself cautiously in his bunk, swung his legs out and instinctively felt for his slippers. It was at that moment that Peters, his steward, looked in through the curtained doorway.

"What's the time? What's been happenin'?" were Arley's first questions.

"Nigh on seven o'clock, sir. One of the signalmen finds you lyin' like a corpse outside the chart'ouse. Them's nasty gashes you got in your side an' arm, sir," the man continued, shaking his head and clicking his tongue. "Your vest an' all was soaked with blood, sir. I 'ad to throw 'em overboard. Bed's the ticket for you, sir."

"Bed be damned!" said Arley. "Get me some clothes and tell the first lieutenant I want him."

"But you aren't fit, sir," Peters expostulated. "First lootenant said I was to look



She lay unusually deep in the water with a list to starboard, for she was leaking badly below the waterline.

'arter you. If you gets movin' about you'll start bleedin' agen, an' a fair job we had spongin' of you with iodine and bandagin' of you up. If you bleeds to death it'll be my fault!"

"I can't help it if they hang you for wilful murder!" snapped his master. "Get me those clothes!"

"Very good, sir," said Peters, with a sniff. If his master came to a bad end it was no fault of his.

Arley was still struggling into his trousers when Hargreaves, the first lieutenant, rapped at the door and came in.

"Are you better, sir?" he enquired.

"Quite fit enough to do my job," the captain grunted. "How are the wounded?"

The first lieutenant told him. "We'll be ready for sea between eight and half-past, sir," he added.

"Good! Is there anything in sight?"

"That smoke's still there, sir. It gets much thicker and seems nearer, though I can't see any ships. It might be a squadron, from the look of it."

Arley seemed anxious.

"Is our wireless functioning?" he asked.

"Ycs, sir."

"Have they heard anything?"

The first lieutenant shook his head.

Five minutes later the lieutenant-commander was on his upper bridge peering through his glasses. The smoke had altered its bearing and had certainly increased in density. Moreover, it now seemed to be rising in six or more slender columns of vapour which mingled higher up into a horizontal layer which overhung the calm sea like a cloud. It obviously came from ships in company. The chances were they were men-of-war. If they continued on their present course they would soon be in sight.

PETERS arrived on the lower bridge with the captain's breakfast on a tray, and as there was nothing further to be done for the moment Arley started his meal in the charthouse. He had some difficulty in eating with his left arm in a sling; but there was nothing at all the matter with his appetite. Indeed, he cleared the tray and was thinking of sending someone aft for more toast and marmalade when a telegraphist tapped on the door and came in.

"There's a ship calling Commander-in-Chief, China, sir!" he exclaimed, his voice full of excitement.

"Who is she?" Arley demanded.

"Leadin' telegraphist says she's one of our battleships, sir, an' she's not more than a hundred mile away."



"A battleship!" Arley repeated, staring at the man in amazement.

According to his latest information the British main fleet had not even reached Singapore. If Stevens were correct, however, it meant that by some miracle the fleet had not only passed Singapore; but was well to the eastward.

It was too much to believe, and without further discussion the lieutenant-commander went hurriedly to the wireless office, where he found the leading telegraphist wearing his ear-phones and sitting at his instrument with a scribbled pad on the desk before him.

"What's this?" the officer asked. "A battleship, you say?"

"Yes, sir."

"Are you certain?"

"Yes, sir," the man replied. "She's been using one of the special identity signs." He pointed to a grouped series of three-letter signs on the page of a book open before him. "She's one of the Seventh Battle Squadron, and was calling—Ah!" as he stiffened and listened intently. "She's at it again, sir—just calling—no message."

"Has anyone answered?" Arley queried.

Stevens, still listening, shook his head.

"And you say she's within a hundred miles?"

"Easily, sir."

The lieutenant-commander returned again to the upper bridge, and there found Hargreaves with his glasses.

"I can see the masts and funnels of four heavy ships, sir!—no, five," he said. "They're hull down as yet; but they're battleships or battle-cruisers, that I'll swear."

Arley, his heart throbbing with excitement, levelled his high-powered glasses with his sound arm. Could those ships be the British main fleet? Stevens, judging only from the faint scratching in his receivers, might have erred on the side of safety, in saying it was eighty or ninety miles distant.

But his prolonged scrutiny told him the bitter truth. Those funnels and heavy masts showing over the horizon were unmistakable. They were Northern battleships, at least eight of them, and farther ahead he could just discern the masts of cruisers.

"They're Northerners!" he said to his first lieutenant. "And Stevens has been picking up wireless from our battle fleet. He swears it's within eighty or ninety miles!"

Hargreaves' unshaven face broke into a happy grin.

"That's the stuff!" he exclaimed. "I hope our battle-wagons—"

But Arley was not listening. Darting across to the chart-table he had referred to the chart and was hurriedly scribbling on a pad.

"From *Actinia*," the message ran. "Enemy battle-fleet 89 miles 182° position M 0721 approximate course 210°. My position L A R L at anchor. Damaged in action."

Hargreaves came across to look over his shoulder.

"That's the stuff!" he murmured. "Our fellows will have their 'planes up in this weather; but there's no knowing that they'll spot these blighters and report."

"Precisely," Arley agreed. "If we report by W/T they'll make contact for certain and there'll be a fleet action."

"Here," he continued, tearing off the sheet and handing it to signalman. "Take that to the wireless office and tell 'em to broadcast it in code."

The signalman saluted and departed on his errand.

"And what about poor little us?" asked

Hargreaves. "It seems as if we'd got it properly in the neck."

"Can't help that," his captain replied grimly. "It's our job to get our main fleet into touch with the Northerners. If we make certain of that, well, we've done our bit."

He was fully aware that by using wireless he was giving away the *Actinia's* position, for the enemy, listening through their directional apparatus, must inevitably locate her. And the chances were a hundred pounds to a halfpenny that the Northern Commander-in-Chief would send a ship or two to search the neighbourhood, in which event neither the crippled destroyer nor her company stood much chance of escape.

But what did the loss of twenty destroyers signify if the British fleet were brought into action?

MERYON, sensing that something was afoot, came on to the bridge to report he could be ready to move at 8 o'clock. He could

in the breeze, the *Actinia* nosed her way seaward and steamed off in the direction of that crowd of hostile vessels plainly visible on the skyline.

Another message was sent off reporting their strength and movements. It was duly acknowledged.

At 8.23 two enemy aeroplanes were circling high overhead and the *Actinia's* anti-aircraft guns came into action to pock-mark the blue sky with the white bursts of exploding shell. The aircraft were merely reconnoitring, and remaining at a great height eventually droned off unscathed to the northward with their wireless chattering.

A little later a flight of six other machines in a V-shaped formation appeared high up in the west. They approached rapidly, presently to pass between the *Actinia* and the enemy's fleet.

Arley, his glasses upon them, suddenly exclaimed with joy. They had swerved, and he had caught a momentary glimpse of the blue, red, and white painted discs on the underside of their wings as the sun glinted upon them.

They were British! They came from an aircraft carrier attached to that battle-fleet somewhere out of sight over the rim of the horizon. The ether was soon full of their wireless messages reporting the position, strength and composition of the enemy.

Now that British aircraft were definitely in touch the *Actinia's* work was done, and turning his ship away Arley took her off to the south-westward at her best possible speed.

The blue sky behind became dotted with bulbous smoke-patches as the hostile A.A. guns opened fire on the aeroplanes. A minute or two later a cruiser detached herself from the main body of the enemy and came after the *Actinia* in pursuit.

She was fully 20,000 yards distant—10 sea miles—but her belching funnels and heaped up, white bow-wave told her speed. She was probably steaming a good 30 knots, the damaged *Actinia* a doubtful 18.

The British battleships were still too far away to help. Scouting cruisers might be nearer; but unless something utterly unexpected took place that cruiser would be within easy gun-range of the destroyer inside of an hour.

Arley, thinking of his wife and child in England, was glad they would not be altogether penniless.



Arley, his heart throbbing with excitement, levelled his high-powered glasses with his sound arm. Could those ships be the British main fleet?

guarantee a safe 15 knots—possibly 18 for a short burst.

The time was 7.27. Thirty-three minutes to wait.

Arley made up his mind. To be destroyed at anchor was too repugnant to be considered. Crippled though she was he would take his ship to sea, shadow the enemy to the best of his ability, and report his movements to the British Commander-in-Chief until such time as the *Actinia* was sunk.

More and more ships were showing up over the horizon. Their course remained steady; but they had obviously increased speed.

The *Actinia's* makeshift aerial started to crackle as the message went through. There was a brief interval—then a report that the signal had been received and acknowledged.

"Thank God for that!" Arley murmured.

Shortly after 8 o'clock, her last 4.7 ready for action and her largest ensign fluttering bravely

ADMIRAL Sir Herbert Brampton, the Commander-in-Chief of the newly constituted Eastern Fleet, gazed thoughtfully at the chart whereon a staff officer had entered every scrap of information that had come to hand. It told him much.

In the bottom, left-hand corner, a solid line in black showed the courses of the several divisions of his own battle-fleet, with his fleet flagship, the great *Nonpareil*, heading the centre column. Farther ahead came the track of the battle-cruiser squadron—again a number of equally-spaced, parallel lines in the shape of a crescent representing the tracks of the cruisers in the advanced look-out screen, many miles ahead of the battle-fleet. Towards the top, right-hand corner of the chart, a cluster of neatly-drawn symbols in coloured inks, joined in some cases by lines, showed the positions and courses of the enemy's fleet. They were being added to every moment as message after

He moved over to his desk and hunted among a pile of papers. "Someone's hidden it," he went on. "Anyhow, I should like to be the first to congratulate you. They've promoted you to Commander."



message came in from the British aeroplanes scouting miles ahead.

It was after 9 o'clock in the morning, and the plotted positions showed that the main fleets were still over sixty miles apart. The visibility was extreme, and at any moment the advanced cruisers should sight the enemy. In a little more than an hour, if both battle-fleets maintained their present courses, they should be in action.

But Sir Herbert, scratching his chin, was perplexed. - He knew from his aircraft reports that the hostile fleet included only nine battleships, whereas he had fifteen. Yet the Northern fleet was deliberately coming towards him as though intent upon giving battle. It seemed suicidal.

Was the Northern Commander-in-Chief luring him on into a trap of some sort—submarines, perhaps, or a newly-laid minefield? Or did it merely mean that the enemy were utterly oblivious to the proximity of the British?

The latter was just feasible. So far as possible, the movements of the Eastern Fleet had been kept a profound secret, and, with plenty of fuel, it had passed Singapore at night. Moreover, except for these wireless calls which had evoked the *Actinia's* message, complete wireless silence had been maintained. But it seemed incomprehensible that Sir Herbert's fleet could have reached its present position without someone being aware of it. It had been sighted in the Indian Ocean by passing vessels, and the Northerners were reported to have a network of spies in every port.

It was surprising, too, that no enemy aircraft-carrier had been reported, that not a single hostile aeroplane had been seen. Sir Herbert had no means of knowing that one enemy aircraft-carrier had been sunk by British destroyers

the night before, while the second, torpedoed twice and her flight-deck badly damaged by intensive bombing, was now limping home in a crippled condition.

The admiral turned to his chief of staff, "What's the last news from that destroyer?"

The commodore leaned over the shoulder of the staff officer.

"She's here, sir," he said, dabbing a finger on the chart.

"Fifteen miles ahead of their battle-fleet, being chased when we last heard."

"Was *Charybdis* ordered to help?"

"Yes, sir; but it's touch and go if she gets there in time."

The admiral thought for a moment. "Couldn't we send a machine or two to worry that cruiser?"

"We have done so, sir," he replied.

THE cruiser astern was overhauling the *Actinia* fast, coming on with two great plumes of whitened water curving into the air on either side of her sharp bow.

Her ranging shot, fired at about six miles splashed into the sea some 500 yards astern of its target and ricocheted harmlessly off into space. The *Actinia's* helm went over to put the enemy off his aim, and yawing slightly to bring her broadside to bear the cruiser fired again—a salvo this time.

The seconds seemed exaggerated beyond human endurance as the shell drove through the air towards the *Actinia*; but at last, almost simultaneously with the thunderous roll of the reports, five plumes of spray leapt one after the other out of the sea within 50 yards of the destroyer's port side. They were closely spaced. One salvo like that landing on board and the *Actinia* would be finished.

Arley, his heart in his mouth, swung his ship towards the splashes to make the shooting more difficult. The cruiser fired again. There came another agony of suspense, and this time, with a demoniacal, whistling roar, the salvo fell close.

He moved to the centre of the bridge and pressed a push which communicated electrically with the engine room. Meryon responded, and a cloud of black smoke welled from the *Actinia's* remaining funnel to go streaming aft in a dense, inky pall which completely hid the cruiser from view. Her next salvo fell harmlessly in the destroyer's wake.

THE lieutenant-commander was still looking astern when a remark from a signalman drew his attention to the opposite direction.

"There's a ship coming down from ahead, sir!" the man exclaimed, his eye still at his telescope.

For the moment the lieutenant-commander's heart nearly stopped beating. Things seemed bad enough as they were; but caught between two fires the *Actinia* could never escape.

The stranger came on at full speed—16,000 yards—12,000—9,000—6,500, and did not open fire. Then when she was some three miles distant, Arley suddenly whooped with joy, dropped his glasses and thumped the first lieutenant on the back.

"She's one of ours, Number One!" he exclaimed, his face full of joyful excitement.

"Thank God for that!" said

Hargreaves. "Will you have a 'gasper,' sir?" he added proffering his cigarette case. "I shall burst if I don't smoke."

It was now that there came another diversion. There came a roaring overhead, and a covey of British aeroplanes swept past at a height of barely 500 feet. Outstripping the *Charybdis*, now some distance astern and firing fast, the 'planes streamed off to the north-east and seemed to fasten on to the enemy cruiser like angry bees.

While some of the machines appeared to circle to and fro, up and down, over their enemy, two went ahead,

turned; and came down on a long slant until almost touching the water.

There was no denying those wonderfully-handled machines. A column of whitened water suddenly leapt into the air at the enemy's side. Her speed dwindled to a crawl. Then she stopped altogether and leaned over on her side. She had been torpedoed.

"Do you need assistance?" the British cruiser asked by semaphore.

"No," the destroyer replied.

"Proceed Singapore," said the *Charybdis*.

IT was not until nearly three weeks later that Arley, nearly recovered from his wounds, but still wearing his left arm in a sling, was summoned on board the *Nonpareil* and shown into the Commander-in-Chief's cabin.

"This is the first opportunity I've had of seeing you," he said kindly. "I've been pretty hard at it for the last week or two, as you will understand. You heard of our luck, of course?"

"Yes, sir. I read about it, and while we were crawling back to Singapore that day we heard the firing all through the morning and afternoon. It was rotten bad luck to be out of it, sir—perfectly damnable!"

"I think you did your share long before that," he said. "Anyhow, I sent for you to thank you for probably being the means of our making contact with the enemy when we did. That signal of yours gave us the first authentic news. I represented your conduct to the Admiralty. I had their reply this morning."

He moved over to his desk and hunted among a pile of papers.

"Somebody's hidden it," he went on. "Anyhow, I should like to be the first to congratulate you. They've promoted you to commander."

"Promoted me, sir!" Arley gasped.

"Yes, sir—promoted you. And when my final despatch goes in your name will be in it."

"Anyhow, we'll wet that extra stripe."

He pressed a bell.

"Some champagne, Turner," said the admiral. "The best champagne."

END.

Anglo-American TENSION

By Frank H. Simmonds

(The well-known American publicist)

THE present Anglo-American tension has grown out of naval questions. The danger of conflict is real. But the very reality of the danger ought to lead to careful examination of the causes on the part of all who would seek to avert the catastrophe.

The danger of an Anglo-American war, the only real danger, results from the fact that Great Britain professes a policy which amounts to claiming the right to regulate the sea in her interests in time of war. This policy led to our war of 1812 with Great Britain, and it just as certainly involved us in the World War in 1917. It would involve us either in war with Britain or Britain's foe in any later conflict, providing the British still followed it.

At the outset of the World War we had no considerable navy, and Wilson promptly denounced as unrighteous the proposal that we should seek to construct ships or create an army at that time. He was relying upon the moral influence of the United States, and he did not want it to be weakened by any apparent inconsistency.

And this is the idea of those who protest against the conjunction of the Kellogg Pact and the Fifteen Cruiser Bill to-day. But while Mr. Wilson rejected all idea of armament, he undertook to "wage neutrality" by words alone. And, of course, he failed completely. The British proceeded to invade our neutral rights on the sea and thus made of us no more than an ally. Thanks to their sea-power we were forbidden all trade with Germany, while our exports to Britain and France enabled them to hold out.

AMERICA FORCED INTO THE WAR.

THE Germans, on their side, resorted to submarine warfare, and in the end we chose to go to war against the nation which committed murder rather than that which employed illegal but not physical violence. We were finally plunged into the war as a direct consequence of the British invasion of our unquestioned rights, which we were unable to maintain because our sea-power was negligible.

Mr. Wilson, toward the end of our neutrality, at last changed his opinion and realised that neutrality had to be defended by force if it were to be maintained; thus he embarked us upon the great naval expansion programme. But, as a con-

[Public interest in Anglo-American relations will continue to augment as the vexed question of "The Freedom of the Seas" becomes a critical issue. In this connection it is highly desirable that the American point of view should be understood on this side, and we therefore offer no apology for publishing the following important contribution by Mr. Frank H. Simmonds, who is one of the outstanding political writers of the U.S.A. Our own commentary on Mr. Simmonds's argument will be found in Mr. Crawford Price's article on page 332 of this issue.—Ed.]

sequence of the Washington Conference, while limitation was placed upon battle-ships, none was placed upon cruisers, and there remained in British hands the power to carry out the policy Britain has always adopted in war.

I deprecate any vast naval extension programme, alike because of its domestic and foreign implications. But on the other hand, I see no possible way to establish

a situation making impossible a repetition of the events of 1812 and 1914 as long as Britain clings to her policy and retains her naval superiority. The day when our fleet is strong enough to make interference with our neutral rights a supreme hazard for Britain, engaged in war elsewhere, on that day such interference must become impossible.

COOLIDGE'S PREPOSTEROUS IDEA.

HAVING undertaken equality by virtue of the Washington Conference ratios, if we had gone along, as the British did, building a reasonable number of new ships each year and maintaining at least approximately a cruiser as well as a battleship ratio of 5-5-3 with Britain and Japan, all the present fuss would have been avoided.

Two new cruisers a year would have sufficed. But Coolidge was seized with the preposterous idea of not building ships and persuading or bullying the other nations' not to build or to scrap.

That is why we are now in the present situation, and it is our fault, not that of the British. But a good many of my British friends, who believe that the time has come when Britain must discard the old policy of running the seas to suit her interests in time of war, are equally convinced that the Admiralty and "Diehards" will never abandon this policy until they are confronted by the physical proof that it has become obsolete. Once that fact sinks home, then we can have limitation, but if we don't have some degree of equality we shall go on with this wretched controversy.

NEUTRALITY AND INVASION.

IF the British would renounce their doctrine of sea domination and agree to adequate insurance of neutral rights, I would gladly oppose the Fifteen Cruiser Bill. But because I don't want to go to war with Britain or Britain's enemy in the next European struggle, I want to have our navy strong enough to defend neutrality against invasion, as long as the invasion is indicated.

WHAT AMERICA NEEDS.

THE idea that we need a fleet equal to the British seems to me in the abstract to be absurd. But we do need a fleet equal to the British precisely as long as the British undertake with their supreme fleet to set aside all neutral rights.



Uncle Sam is determined to ensure peace.



For some time past the question, "How long will dog racing last?" has exercised the minds of interested parties—mainly shareholders in tracks. Our correspondent, who has known the game since its beginning, makes some astounding statements regarding the conduct of dog races and answers the question.

By a Special Correspondent

GREYHOUND Racing Tracks all over the country are opening their turnstiles to the public again to-night, after having been closed for two months, and it is now proposed to run a ten-months season.

The question which is being asked on all sides, by the public, the shareholders (unfortunate folk these, in the main) and even the actual executives of the tracks, is, "Will it last?"

Greyhound racing has been a storm centre for more than a year. Its ardent supporters, on the one hand, and the people who see in it little of anything but evil, on the other, will be watching the attendance returns from the tracks very keenly during the next few weeks. These will be their barometers.

Let me say in passing that the conclusions they draw from them are likely to be wholly incorrect as far as many tracks are concerned. Wisely, some refuse to give their figures; they do not want—or rather they did not last year want—the barrenness of the land to be spied out. On one occasion, typical of many, the management of a certain track was asked for the attendance figures. The answer, given vaguely I admit, led the Sunday newspapers to announce an attendance of twenty to twenty-two thousand. *The actual figures were under 8,000.*

WHEN THE TRUTH COMES OUT.

THERE are very few tracks in the country about which any satisfactory figures have been given about anything. These things, however, concern mainly the shareholders, who are at last realising what has been done to them.

The other day I was talking over the

probable future of greyhound racing with one of the most famous trainers in the country, and he made an astounding statement.

"How long will it last?" I asked.

"Just as long as the public remains ignorant of the truth about it!" was his reply.

One section of the community has already tired. When the tracks open again many coursing owners and enthusiasts will be conspicuous by their absence. One of the foremost of them all declared to me the other day, at a coursing meeting where his dogs were making their usual fine show, that he would never run a dog on a greyhound racing track again, nor allow one to be handled by anyone connected with the tracks at which he had raced. And there was a time when the racing track people proudly paraded him as a prize convert from the truer field sport. All the others would follow, they asserted confidently. They were wrong!

It was my privilege some time ago to see a personal letter about track racing from Lord Lonsdale, one of the greatest of all coursing enthusiasts. It was expressed in terms which would perhaps be considered old fashioned by a modern generation—yes, good old-fashioned English is what I mean! I wish I dared quote it!

DEAD DOGS WHICH STILL RUN.

NOT a month ago I was approached by the chief official of one of the smaller greyhound tracks near London. He asked me if I could place any dogs for him, as he had a surplus. I knew those kennels; knew that he hadn't a greyhound there with a pedigree. Yet "papers" were produced

which "fitted" five of the animals there. Perhaps I ought to explain that every pedigree dog has registered papers. A good dog dies; he is a brindle, say, of a certain shade and size; the news of his death is kept quiet, and another dog, very similar in size, shape and colour, without pedigree or hope of heaven, makes its appearance on the track a few weeks later (after "having been coursing in the country"). It is, let us say, "Blankey Blank." Three such dogs, to my personal knowledge, were foisted on to the public on London tracks last season.

Identification? There has been more balderdash written about the identification of greyhounds during the last few months than has been written in years about horse racing or football practices. Much of it has come via the United States.

One of the leading experts in the country, whose authoritative work on greyhounds will be published in a few weeks, laughed to scorn the idea that any of the present systems of identifying greyhounds was anything more than "eyewash" for a trusting public.

I often wonder what the enthusiastic admirers of a certain popular track dog would say if they were aware of the grave suspicion in the minds of the inner circle concerning his performance one night when he smashed all his records to atoms? It is confidently asserted by those who ought to know—by track officials—that it was a more famous half-brother who wore the racing jacket that night! Anyway, that dog has never since approached "his" record, or even looked like doing it. His owner sold him and went out of track racing at the end of the season.

DOPE!—THE REAL FACTS.

OUR precautions are such that dope cannot be used on the track!" said an official to me last season.

Only a week or two afterwards a dog which had been "doped to the eyes" to stop him winning a race for which he was a hot favourite with the public, killed himself by running into an obstacle he could not see.

I don't say that the executives don't try to keep things clean. Officials are not supposed to bet, but one I know made £1,000 betting before some one he had done a bad turn to "blew the gaff"! He was discharged—but if he could get information which, in no very big bets, brought him in four figures in half a season isn't there something wrong?

At one track the wives of the officials came near to causing a big scandal by the way they brazenly paraded between stewards, judges, timekeepers, trainers—and bookmakers to collect from afterwards. An interested Press representative watched one of them draw money from bookmakers on six of the seven races one night. Yet the public had a bad meeting. And not only the public, but the Press itself! That section of the Press, that is, which makes a special feature of greyhound racing.

They had bad night after bad night; not a winner could they "tip," and on their tipping of winners "at the dogs," of course,



Greyhounds taking a hurdle during a trial race at Manchester.

as in legitimate racing, circulation depends.

I remember one night in particular when I was in the Press box, deputising for a well-known expert. There were seven races, and he had given seven selections; there were also seven "form" selections given in his paper. The special correspondents of two other papers which devote much space to the sport gave seven selections each, and there were also seven form selections in each of their papers. This made, in all, 42 selections for the seven races, but of course many of these were the same for each race, which showed the confidence with which the "time" and "form" deductions had been made.

Out of the 42 selections there was one winner!



The start of a race in Australia where betting at night is banned.

THE HORSE NO COMPARISON.

NOW I am quite aware that supporters of greyhound racing will immediately point out that this happens very often in horse racing, when the great majority of the newspaper selections go wrong. As a racing journalist I know it too well, to my sorrow; there is little about tipping horses which I have not experienced.

But in advancing that argument they destroy the whole foundation on which greyhound racing has been built with such careful falsity. According to all they have said, the greyhound does run more truly to form than ever horses could be hoped or expected to do. It has been proved that, fit and well, with the conditions approximately the same, a greyhound reproduces the same time and form on the track again

and again. If it does not, then the whole of the elaborate system of timing, hardly ever applied to horses, falls down.

One knows that a dog will "feel more like racing some days than he does on

others." It is a stock phrase of the novice—and also of the crook trainer. A trainer worth his salt knows when a dog is fit to race; so should veterinary surgeons and paddock judges who were competent. But still dogs run a second or more below their form—a furlong in comparison with a horse—and nothing is done; no enquiry save of the most farcical kind is held.

There are a score of newspapermen in London who will corroborate these statements. They have come away from tracks sick and tired of the whole business, but there has been no outlet for their feelings and knowledge. They know about dope; about dogs being fed at the wrong times, or starved; of favourites for big races who have been taken out in the early hours and run off their feet after hares, and arrived at the track too tired to win a novice race; of substituted dogs; of trainers who, in their cups, have told the truth; of dogs owned in false names by men holding the highest positions on the tracks; of a hundred other things.

NO INDEPENDENT CONTROL.

WHERE, then, is the alleged power of control over this "sport"? In spite of all the inspired talk and writing about "control," the truth has been plain enough for anyone to see. Occasionally we have had a burst from one of the greyhound writers, who, having temporarily got at loggerheads with some of the powers that be, has come out with some hard truths.

There is no independent control over the "sport" of greyhound racing as there is over horse racing, football, cricket and every other sport worth the name. Still another "controlling body to safeguard the best interests of the sport and the public" is in course of formation, and it is to be hoped that it will be able to exercise really independent control.

In view of the present unsatisfactory condition of the "sport," it is impossible that the public can be kept in the dark much longer, though there will always be some enthusiasts who will refuse to take heed of warnings.

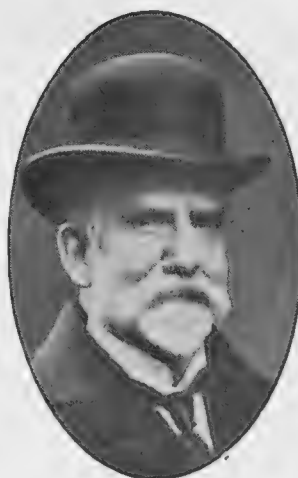


In pursuit of the electric hare. A fairly easy winner passing the judge's box.

Coal and Unemployment

By C. B. Crawshaw

Various methods for the reorganisation of the mining industry are discussed in this article. Without reorganisation the vital problem of unemployment in the coalfields will remain insoluble.



Mr. C. B. Crawshaw.

Vice-President of the Mining Association of Great Britain.

THE first point about which we must get our minds clear, if we are to consider the problem of unemployment effectively, is that it is a national problem, and not a problem concerning only the particular industry in which particular individuals have customarily been employed.

This observation may seem so obvious as not to be worth making, but it is because its truth and implications have not been fully realised that we find ourselves in the mess we are in at the moment, with regard to unemployment, and particularly unemployment in the mining industry.

It is no use assuming, as some people do assume, that because a man has last worked as a miner, he, therefore, has some abstract right to continue to work as a miner; and that if he cannot find work for himself it must be found for him, and in that capacity.

Nor is it helpful to blame the mining industry, as some critics have done, for unemployment in that industry. Those who are responsible for directing it do not lose markets for coal if they can help it, and the fact that a certain proportion of the unemployment in the industry is due to the process of "rationalisation" can hardly be advanced, at this time of day, as an argument against that process.

SELLING MORE COAL.

TO return to our fundamental proposition: if more men are to be employed in the coal industry, more coal must be sold.

What has the coal industry done and what is it doing in order to sell more coal, and reduce the cost of getting coal? The real falling off in the sales of British coal has been in foreign markets. In 1913 we sold abroad 73 million tons, excluding coal for bunkers. In no year since the abnormal period covered by the French occupation of the Ruhr have our exports exceeded 51 million tons. In 1928 they were 50 million, and that reduction of 23 million tons itself represents the employment of about 92,000 mine-workers for a year.

And the position would certainly have been even worse than it is had it not been for the action taken by the colliery owners in practically "buying back" the markets lost during the stoppage of 1926. But that is not all they have done. The general public is unaware of the elaborate methods that are in operation for grading, screening, washing and preparing coal for export in order to ensure that the foreign purchaser is getting exactly what he wants and pays for. Space prohibits any description of these processes here, but it may be mentioned that, on the average, they add about 2s. per ton to the cost of the coal.

On the subject of costs it should be men-

tioned that when the industry was handed back to the owners by the Coalition Government in 1921, when it realised that it was losing money therein at the rate of £60,000,000 per annum, costs were 40s. 3d. a ton. They are now 14s. 5d., to which figure they have been reduced from 17s. 3½d. in the last quarter before the stoppage of 1926. That is one aspect of rationalisation. Another is that the output per man-shift is now 21 cwt. as compared with 20 in 1913, with 14½ at the end of control, and 18½ immediately before the stoppage.

Nor can the industry be justly accused of not having done its bit towards stimulating the revival of other industries. In 1928, when the general percentage increase over pre-war in the prices of wholesale commodities was 40, the corresponding figure for coal was only 18.

RATIONALISATION AND RESEARCH.

IF there is an accusation that can, with some show of justification, be brought against the coal industry, it is of selling its product too cheap, and of being too opti-



Research has shown that coal may be employed for many hitherto unsuspected purposes, one of which is as fuel for aeroplanes and motor cars.

mistic that its efforts thus to assist other industries would result in increased demand for its own product and better employment for its own workers.

That error, if it was an error, is now being rectified by the various marketing schemes, which seek to secure an economic price for the coal produced and to enforce it by strictly relating output to demand. That these and other efforts at rationalisation are at length, and after many difficulties, proving successful is indicated by the general reports of improving trade, increased orders, and more regular working that are being

received from all the coalfields.

A word may usefully be said about research and new processes. Colliery owners have been conducting their own experiments at their own expense all over the country, and the general results are such as to inspire them with real confidence for the future.

Representatives of the industry have also been co-operating with marine engineers in experimenting with pulverised fuel, with results that offer great possibilities both on sea and land.

Finally, and as one instance of what is being done, it may be mentioned that the British Collieries Research Association (which was founded by the Mining Association of Great Britain) has been and is investigating the possibility of the increased use of steel in mines for various purposes, both with a view to increasing safety and also to assisting the home steel industry, which in its turn would require more coal.

TACKLING THE REAL PROBLEM.

AND yet in spite of these evidences of energy, of determination, and of resource, there are those who ask when the colliery owners are going to set their house in order!

One is reminded of the story once told by a certain newspaper peer against himself. He got bitten with the idea of office "organisation." He developed it to the nth power. Every conceivable thing was card-indexed and cross-referenced. And then one day his sales manager came and told him that sales had fallen off sensationally. He scrapped his marvellous office organisation and got back to the practical job of selling goods. That is what the colliery owners are trying to do, first, last, and all the time—sell coal. That is the best way to reduce unemployment in the industry.

A PLEA FOR EMIGRATION.

ON the wider, national problem it should never be forgotten that we have, in fact, more people at work than we had before the war, and that, had emigration continued at the pre-war rate since 1919, we should have little if any unemployment in this country.

That is not to suggest that we should "export our unemployed," but it does indicate that the question of employment cannot be properly considered apart from population; and that there should be in continuous existence an organisation for stimulating or regulating emigration according to the condition existing at the moment, for training those who are willing to emigrate, for making it easy for them to do so, and, above all, for inspiring the younger generation with a desire to take a chance overseas, instead of being content to take the dole at home.

A General Staff for INDUSTRY

Industry should have a General Staff of its own—a staff of trained experts who would be better qualified than any politicians to tackle our present problems.

By Sir Harold Bowden, Bt.



Sir Harold Bowden, Bt., Chairman of the Raleigh Cycle Co., and a Vice-President of the Federation of British Industries.

INDUSTRY is our chief concern. On its success or failure depends not only the welfare of every individual in the country, but the very existence of the nation. It has always struck me as illogical that the vital questions affecting our trade and industry should be made the sport of the party-politician, and should be referred for decision to the masses.

It is as though the remedies to be applied to a sick or dying man were left to the judgment of a football match crowd, one section of which believed in the medicine prescribed by a Chelsea doctor and another section in the pills made up by a West Ham chemist.

For more than a quarter of a century we have been arguing as to whether the traditional Free Trade policy suited the conditions of the modern world. No serious attempt has ever been made to obtain an impartial expert examination of the problem with a view to taking action on the result.

I can understand there being differences of opinion among experts and economists on such matters as our foreign trade policy, our monetary policy, the future of our coal mines and similar difficult questions. But why it should ever have occurred to anyone that the disagreements of the experts could best be settled by appeals to party passion, and by the votes of an uninformed electorate, I cannot for the life of me imagine.

G.H.Q. OF INDUSTRY.

TO my mind there are certain classes of industrial problems which should never have been brought within the province of party politics. They are Industry's affair and Industry itself needs expert guidance upon them. For this reason I recently advocated in a speech the creation by Industry for Industry of an Industrial General Staff. There is nothing radically new in the idea that we need impartial expert advice on our industrial problems. The point of novelty in my suggestion is that Industry should itself provide its own General Staff.

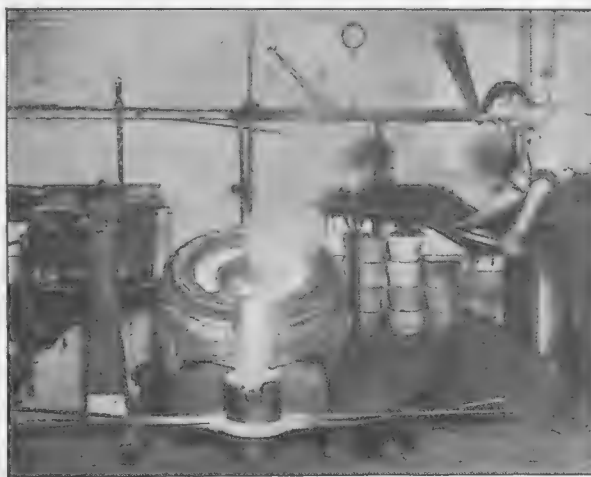
What I should like to see created is an independent body of trained investigators, tied to no political party and subordinate to no party Government. Independence is the first and fundamental condition. It should be appointed by a Permanent Council or Senate representing organised industry and should be paid—and highly paid—out of funds contributed by organisations of employers and workers alike. Its functions would be generally to study current industrial, commercial and financial conditions and to become a repository of information upon all live economic problems. More particularly it would apply itself to recommending practical solutions. For its special investigations it would naturally have recourse to

committees and sub-committees. Its recommendations would be definite and practical. They would be made to the Industrial Senate, and it would be left to the supreme body to decide on the steps necessary to translate recommendations into action.

The success of such a general staff would necessarily depend upon the wisdom of its decisions. Just as shareholders in a company are, as a rule, content to endorse the decision taken by their board so, I believe, the industrial population would learn to have faith in the Industrial Senate and its General Staff and would endorse their recommendations to the extent, where necessary, of insisting upon Government action on the prescribed lines.

PETROL FROM COAL.

LET me give one hypothetical example. It has been suggested that it would be possible to build up on the foundations of our decaying coal industry a vigorous new petrol industry. It is claimed that there now exist processes of low-temperature



Speeding up the building of locomotives at L.M.S. Works at Derby. Tilling a furnace in the brass foundry.

carbonisation by which smokeless fuel, gas, tars, and oils can be produced on a commercial basis from all grades of coal. The Senate would instruct the Industrial General Staff to report whether such processes had reached the stage where the results claimed could be attained and, if so, what would be the effect of large-scale development (a) upon the coal industry, (b) upon the consumers, (c) upon kindred industries, (d) upon rendering the country independent of foreign supplies in war time; and finally how such a scheme of development, if recommended, could best be financed.

Let us suppose that the Industrial General Staff reported favourably upon the scheme

for development and that, as a corollary, it recommended that the Government, or the larger municipalities with Government support, should raise loans for the establishment of the necessary plants in suitable parts of the country.

What would the next step be? The Industrial Senate would discuss, modify, and probably accept the proposal and forward it to the Prime Minister with a recommendation for urgent action.

Representatives of industry in Parliament would accept the Council's report, *irrespective of their party colour*, and the Government would be in effect compelled to take action.

REASONED REPORTS BY EXPERTS.

I HAVE put the matter somewhat crudely because I am constrained to put it briefly, but I am assuming that the General Staff would issue a reasoned report and that its arguments would convince any reasonable, unbiased individual. I am assuming, at the same time, that, except for the vested interests which would be affected, there would in such matters, as a general rule, be no bias and certainly no party bias. The decision of our industrial problems would thus be left to the special judgment of the expert, as endorsed by the common sense of the average man, instead of being subjected to the prejudices and passions of partisans.

Many economic factors are beyond our control, but most may be controllable if we have the knowledge, coupled with the foresight and imagination, which can make the best use of that knowledge. We have been generally content to muddle along. When things turn out all wrong we like to lay the blame on someone else, or say that, after all, it couldn't be helped. Is it not time that we realised that economic developments can be foreseen and forestalled? Preventive measures are better than post-mortems.

PRACTICAL POLICY.

PERHAPS one of the most important factors in any final solution of the problems now confronting British industry is that all reorganisation and reconstruction must have continuity as a dominating policy. One of the great troubles of our time is that the large questions affecting the welfare of the nation become, owing to changes of Government, only a partial and not complete responsibility.

A change of Government may, and in fact does, mean a change of policy towards vital problems, where any change is the last thing required.

Take the slums, for example. A vigorous policy for their demolition, pursued apart from party politics, could have abolished most of their evils long ago.

We are, perhaps, nearing the time when, for the promises and half-performances of politicians, there will be substituted the practical and effective schemes of business men who know what they want to do and how to do it.

What is the Lure of the THEATRE ?

Do you go to the theatre to be amused, thrilled, harrowed or "to be taken out of yourself"? The producer's business is to provide the greatest pleasure for the greatest number of his patrons, which, with so many varying tastes, is a difficult problem.

By MAITLAND DAVIDSON



Miss Margot Sieveking, who plays in Mr. C. K. Munro's "The Rumour," at the Court Theatre.

liminary symptoms which eventually lead the variously affected patients to application to the dispensers of tickets, and subsequent assembly in the theatre which they hope will minister to their needs. (I purposely omit such specialised persons as critics, actors, dramatists, agents and the like, who are playgoers for professional reasons of their own.)

This fact that it takes all sorts to make an audience, and that one man's meat may be another man's poison, or opiate, is among the crosses of the theatrical producers. I have met one man, and one man only, who solemnly declared to me that no play ever bored him; however bad, he could always find some point of interest in it. But such superb catholicity is unique—and, by the way, this man is a notorious liar. How then are they to cater for the greatest happiness of the greatest number—incidentally including themselves?

AN ODD NEW PLAY.

IN their search for plays that shall please a sufficient proportion of this many-headed public—for in

the absence of State support only a millionaire can bother about art for art's sake and that sort of thing—the presenters and producers offer to our notice a singularly odd variety of concoctions. And one of the oddest, it seems to me, is the piece called *Fame*, with which Sir Gerald du Maurier made a kind of "come-back" at the St. James's the other day, after the lamentable failure of his last effort, *The Play's the Thing*.

The authors of this piece are Miss Audry Carten and her sister Waveney; Miss Audry Carten is familiar with Sir Gerald's requirements, for she was once his leading lady. One may perhaps conjecture that it was composed specially for him, particularly as the chief character, a violinist, is significantly called "Gheradi." Anyway, it is a curious bit of work, and by all the usual canons of thought or artistry not much else than curious.

THE SENSATIONAL TOUCH.

PERHAPS in this instance, faced by the problem mentioned, the recipe was to stun the audience into a species of dazed admiration. Everything is done in staring colours; "sensations" are flung at us. A county family father casts off his daughter in proper penny-novelette style because she insists on marrying a poor "fiddler" who hasn't been to a public school—in itself a touch to *épater* those of us who know (and

WHY do we go to the theatre? It is surprising what a variety of answers are available to this apparently simple question. Do we go there to be amused? Some insist on this; they claim laughter or at the least smiles as the inalienable right of an audience. Or is it our object to be, in the phrase of common parlance, "taken out of ourselves" after the stress of real ordinary life? In that case tragedy should be as efficacious as comedy—even as the golfer finds complete relaxation from business worries in the different but not less acute irritations of the game.

Is it emotional experience we ask for? Or artistic experience such as may be found in books, music, pictures? Do we go to improve our minds or just to pass the time? Do we regard a visit to the theatre as a sort of party or social function, like dining out or supping and dancing at a night club? Or are we possessed of a genuine personal interest in plays, acting and production?

MANY MOTIVES.

ALL these motives and more, whether definitely formulated or inarticulately vague, may be diagnosed as among the mental germs or pre-



In "Fame," at the St. James's Theatre. Miss Cathleen Nesbitt as Lady Myrtle Frampton, and Mr. Nigel Bruce as "Piggy" Fulton.

who doesn't?) of the actor's Harrovian past. Add also the further harrowing sight of this exemplar of Savile Row attired in reach-me-down "blacks" and a collar-and-tie such as only Dukes or Methodist ministers would dare to be seen abroad in.

After a cigarette and a drink—or, according to the programme, two years—we find the humble cinema accompanist and wearer of dickeys now exalted to the glittering fame of a sort of super-Kreisler, doubtless with car to match. There is a violent attempt on his virtue by a Lady Potiphar moving in the best circles; next, possibly owing to the over-exertion of beating off her unchastely vigorous attack, he suddenly gets paralysed in both arms.

SHOCKS AT A SEASIDE HOTEL.

THIS naturally rather queers his pitch as a £1,000-a-nighter, and after another cigarette we discover the poor devil three years later moping in a typical sitting room of a small



A 600-year-old Chinese drama, "The Circle of Chalk," is to be produced at the New Theatre by Mr. Basil Dean. Miss Anna May Wong, the film actress, will make her début on the stage as the heroine.



In a much-discussed play. Miss Beatrix Lehmann in "Hoppla," a play of the German revolution, at the Gate Theatre.

hotel at a breezy English seaside resort—the wind is on the aspidistra, brother, as you will see from a glance at the balcony, and never stops blowing throughout the act. But the shocks are not done with yet, not by any means.

Again and out of the blue we hear quite near the end of a deep and eternal love that has sprung up all unbeknownst to us between his wife and the doctor who is attending him—comely Mr. Frank Vosper, who is certainly more of an age to mate with Miss Norah Swinburne, but really this is so sudden.

Mr. Gheradi thinks so, too, and makes such crude assumptions about the affair that his sorely tried wife, who has already lost a perfectly good round of golf through his peevishness, smacks him on the face good and hard and often. Whether county family daughters really do these things or not, the

unladylike assault has a wonderful or Wonderland effect, spurring him on to "put up his dooks" and so cure at one blow, so to speak, the brachial anæsthesia, or whatever is the correct medical term.

SPURNING THE HAPPY ENDING.

LAST shock of all—for still one is left—there is not to be a happy ending. Sonia of the county family is willing to let bygones be bygones (and wisely, since a Kreisler *redivivus* is a considerably better match than a doctor self-exiled to a small job on the Gold Coast). But Sir Gheradi is equally determined to combine wisdom with a noble gesture of renunciation, and may be heard registering such determination, as well as emotion, in a telephone message to his head pianist and fiddle washer as the final curtain falls.

A SATIRE ON WAR.

THE *Rumour*, Mr. C. K. Munro's satire, lately put on at the Court, is a brilliantly clever and thoughtful piece of work, for which I can see no prospect of commercial success, though I should be only too glad to see my forecast falsified.

Mr. Munro, and his backers, have banked on an appeal to intellect and logic, though to be sure there is a strong flavour of topical interest to carry the theme through. That is, if the War is not yet out of date as subject.

The *Rumour* is in a way a kind of corollary to the other. In *Journey's End* we see at close quarters one aspect of war, and the noblest—the life of the genuine fighters at hand's-grip with death and their reactions under the ordeal of war's simpler if more terrible issues. In *The Rumour* we are taken behind the scenes and far behind the lines, glimpsing all the stages of war from its

genesis to its exodus—from the moment when a group of financiers decide for their own purposes to stir up unrest between two small European states, to the final Reparations Conference.

MORDANT HUMOUR.

THIS piece sparkles with mordant humour, and its gay travesties ring only too tragically true. Most effective of all, perhaps, are the scenes in Downing Street when the Prime Minister (admirably played by Mr. Charles Carson) receives deputations for and against England's intervention in the war—the fact that an English girl has been accidentally killed in some obscure shooting affair providing the pretext—and at the Peace Conference, with its eloquent talk about "a holy war," fought "with the sole object of saving a small nation."

The reason why I doubt its box-office success is that it demands (and deserves) close attention and an appreciation of political values, as well as of the quality of satire, which I fear may not be found in sufficient volume among the numerical majority of an average audience, out just for an evening's entertainment.

GERMAN GIBBERISH.

IT is no use, however, trying to be introspective, analytical or philosophical without at least some kind of dramatic method. *Hoppla!* a play based on the Berlin revolution of 1919 by the well-known German writer, Ernst Toller, which is running at the little Gate Theatre, is a signal example of the vainly pretentious treatment of a subject that might have been made most interesting.

Toller was himself imprisoned for his part in the revolution, but the play he has written round his experiences is just a mass of unintelligible expressionist clap-trap, with a fourfold stage, snatches of films and "noises off" to complicate the already obscure issue.

WIRELESS PIRATES

ONE naturally takes it that the readers of these notes are one hundred per cent. radio users, but some of them may be newcomers to the pastime of listening. Consequently, I want to ask a somewhat delicate question. Is there, among them, a section which comes under the general classification of "pirates"? I should be sorry to think so; and yet the Postmaster-General recently stated officially that during 1928 there were over eleven hundred prosecutions—which, obviously, did not mean that the breed had been wiped out. Convictions were secured in all but seven cases.

CRYSTAL SETS NOT EXEMPT.

NOW, I am fully convinced that, just as there is quite a large number of people who are persuaded that the twenty-mile speed limit has been scrapped in relation to motoring, so there are others who think that a licence to use a radio set is unnecessary for certain classes of apparatus. Crystal users may be tempted to think that their modest apparatus is exempt; and those who make do with indoor or frame aerials may be similarly persuaded.

Let us be quite clear on the point. The licence must be taken out regardless of the type of set or aerial. The pirate with the crystal or the indoor aerial is a little more difficult to run to earth—that is all. There are one or two aspects of the case for and against the pirate

Last year over 1,100 wireless pirates were prosecuted, and there are still many listeners who, by not paying the modest fee, are not only acting dishonestly but are retarding the development of broadcasting.

By ROBERT W. BEARE

takes great risks to ride first with a third class ticket, or who chortles with delight when, paying for a packet of cigarettes with a ten-shilling note, receives nineteen and sixpence change.

But to endeavour to obtain twelve months' broadcasting service for nothing isn't really funny; to succeed isn't really clever. The pirate is, in fact, obtaining his amusement at the expense of those who do pay the extremely moderate fees, and is conceivably holding back the development of the service by withholding his fees. Further, where there is a breach of the law, there will be prosecutions. The fines extorted go part way to pay the cost of these prosecutions, but there is a deficit—and that deficit is made up out of the revenue provided by the licence fees received by the B.B.C. It is impossible to justify wireless pirating on any grounds except that of ignorance.

SPRING CLEANING.

I SUPPOSE we may reasonably anticipate that the season of fogs and frost and all the climatic eccentricities of which the past winter has given us full measure is over at last. The serious experimenter may say, "Yes—unfortunately!" Reception conditions, especially in regard to long distance work, are—very roughly

that might be stated. In some cases where licence-dodging is deliberate, I fancy the actuating motive is the same as that of the man

who goes to great pains to get the better of the income tax authorities, who

—better in bad weather, and we are, of course, approaching the season when uncontrollable atmospheric disturbance will become troublesome. Apart from the expert, however, I believe that much of the deterioration which the average amateur experiences with the progress of the year is due to just plain dirt!

Dirt has been described as "matter in the wrong place," and this rendering is particularly apt in regard to radio. We all know how filthy our faces and hands and collars and clothes become from exposure even for a little while in foggy weather; that is the state of our aerials, and more particularly the little insulators from which they are slung.

RENEW YOUR INSULATORS.

IN practice, despite theoretical considerations, it is really wonderful how well a radio set will work with the most inefficient of aerials, and people who are obtaining excellent results perhaps from an insulated wire merely thrown out of a top floor window and trailing down the walls of the house will doubtless say that there is no need to be so careful as the expert would advise. It is true enough, but only in some cases. That is the snag with wireless—that each case must be treated individually.

The fact that a set will function well with a poor aerial, however, does not imply that it would not work much better with a good one. And so it is in regard to spring cleaning. Deterioration of performance may not be noticeable, because its development is so gradual, but there must inevitably be an improvement if at the end of the winter's exposure the aerial is lowered and the accumulation of matter in the wrong place removed from the insulators. Personally, I think the simplest and most effective way of spring cleaning is to renew the insulators entirely, and since they cost only a few pence each one can scarcely describe the method as expensive.

TOURING EUROPE AFTER DINNER!

(back in time for a dance before midnight)

THE SELECTOR ITINERARY: ENGLAND - HOLLAND - GERMANY - RUSSIA - POLAND - AUSTRIA - HUNGARY - ITALY - SPAIN - FRANCE - BELGIUM - ENGLAND

The Selector Attache Case Portable in handsome case of blue morocco leather, complete and ready to play ..

30 GNS.

At a touch of the switch your Selector Attaché Case is ready to carry you throughout the length and breadth of Europe. It takes you for an independent musical tour. You turn the control and the stations of Europe glide in one after the other, each with some different form of entertainment.

You can stop and listen and then pass on when you feel inclined Or, if you prefer, plan your tour in advance from the published programmes and pick up each item just when it is due to start. You can do that with a Selector because every set has a card giving the exact readings for each station. You can get any station in an instant just by turning the control to the number given on the card.

The Selector Attaché Case, as you see, gives you an infinite variety of entertainment without fuss or trouble. The Selector is entirely self-contained. It can be carried about quite easily and plays anywhere directly you turn the switch.

The Selector is chosen by many famous people in preference to all other portable wireless sets. In tone and range, in quality of construction and complete reliability, the Selector is admittedly the very best that money can buy.

Any model will be sent for seven days' free trial and your money refunded if the set does not do all we claim.

CHOOSE A

Selector
THE "QUALITY"
PORTABLE WIRELESS

Deferred payments on the basis of £5 down and £3 a month for 10 months can be arranged if desired.

ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE ON REQUEST Just say Attaché Case BR3 on postcard with your name and address.

SELECTORS LTD., 1, DOVER STREET, PICCADILLY, LONDON, W.1
Telephone Regent 4771.



Novels and Novelists

By Douglas Jerrold

OLIVE SCHREINER'S "Undine" was begun, so her husband tells us, before she wrote her famous "Story of an African Farm." From 1884 until her death in 1920 the MS. was in the possession of Mr. Have-lock Ellis. It is now published for the first time, a story of unrelieved tragedy, at times almost Greek in its completeness and fatality. To the injustices which Nature heaps on the heroine are added in pitiable sequence the injustices of chance.

"Undine" is the story of a child, a girl and a woman who expected nothing in life and got nothing, who wanted to give but never discovered how or when to do so.

As a child she was queer, which is to say that she was intelligent and precocious, a creature of rebellion with no instinctive capacity for intellectual balance. She was always reading on week-days and playing uproariously on Sundays. The New Testament was always hidden under her sewing, but she would never go to church. From the age of ten she read philosophy and never ceased being surprised by life. She could run, but, for the life of her, she could never walk.

This is the background, unconsciously tragic in its irony, for the child was the author as well as the heroine. The girl and the woman are more objective, but they are essentially the same. Life takes a different toll, however, of childhood and maturity. The fall which makes a child cry for a few minutes makes a woman break her neck—or her heart. And without normal instincts falls are inevitable.

A DREAM LANDSCAPE.

THOUGH Undine in her girlhood and her widowhood—her marriage is a shadowy and melodramatic affair never actualised—is objective, a true tragic figure, her handling of the theme is purely feminine and subjective. Odd characters here and there come alive, but only as they meet and talk to Undine; then they recede, as little alive as the angels and the demons in the background of primitive art.

The landscape is a dream landscape. Her people are on the ground, not of it. Her men are merely the physical complement, hard, uncomprehensible; selfish—to woman that is born to suffering and knows only joy in giving and knows only tragedy because what she has to give is not enough. Or is it too much? After all, there are limits to what a man can accept. If Olive Schreiner knew this, Undine certainly did not. So, passive in the simplicity of adoration, her loves pass her by, and God too.

She marries the father of her faithless lover to get money for him which he doesn't want. She loses her child, through her own fault, and when the one stroke of good

BOOKS TO READ.

Kings, Churchills and Statesmen, by S. KNUT HAGBERG. John Lane, 12s. 6d.

Musical Glasses, by GERALD GOULD. Methuen, 5s.

The Inconsistent Villains, by N. A. TEMPLE ELLIS (Prize Detective Story.) Methuen, 7s. 6d.

The Village Doctor, by SHEILA KAYE-SMITH. Cassell, 7s. 6d.

Hucca's Moor, by RUTH MANNING SAUNDERS. Faber & Gwyer, 7s. 6d.

The Blind Circle, by MAURICE RENARD and ALBERT JEAN. Gollancz, 7s. 6d.

My First Two Thousand Years (The Autobiography of the Wandering Jew), by VIERLICK and P. ELTINGE. Duckworth, 10s.

India on Trial, by J. E. WOOLACOTT. Macmillan, 10s.

Strange Adventures of the Sea, by J. G. LOCKHART. Philip Allan, 3s. 6d.

"Undine." By Olive Schreiner. (Benn. 7s. 6d.)

"The True Heart." By Sylvia Townsend Warner. (Chatto and Windus. 7s. 6d.)

"Farthing Hall." By Hugh Walpole and J. B. Priestley. (Macmillan. 7s. 6d.)

"The Georgian Novel and Mr. Robinson." By Storm Jameson. (Heinemann. 7s. 6d.)

fortune in her whole life comes to her on the death of her husband, she gives up everything, frightened to take anything in a world where it is more blessed (because more hopeless) to give than to receive, and goes aimlessly back to South Africa.

Here in the diamond fields, melodrama steps in to confront her with the corpse of her only love, the night before, penniless and worn out with more giving she herself dies of starvation. Starvation of the body.

Critics have wondered for years why great people never write great books. The curious can find the answer in this strange book by a woman who certainly was great.

"WONDERFULLY CIVILISED."

THE incurious will do better to read "Farthing Hall," a pleasant *jeu d'esprit* by Hugh Walpole and J. B. Priestley with which shows an easy mastery of technique. The book is made up of letters written, in defiance of every convention of probability, day by day between two young men, one engaged in pursuing a dream young woman whom he saw at a theatre, the other a wife whom he failed to observe in his own home.

It is a comedy of highly civilised situations, with real mountains, mist, wind and other properties dear to Mr. Arthur Collins in the old Drury Lane days, thrown in to dwarf the midgets (superfluous task) who play their little comedy. The only man in the piece drinks, the only woman is a vulgar "best seller." But, then, in some views, life is rather vulgar. The two young men who exchange the letters are wonderfully civilised.

"THE TRUE HEART."

MISS SYLVIA TOWNSEND WARNER adopts, by way of contrast, the post-war convention. It is, of course, really a war convention, for are not the bravest men in our war novels shot for desertion, and is there in all their pages, except in a few books, a professional soldier who fights? And so in this novel the only thing noticed about the only gentleman who appears in the book is "his large white gentleman's hands," and the "true heart" belongs to a servant girl who falls in love with an idiot.

Some stage parsons, an elegant "lady" with a past and no heart and a keeper of a disorderly house with a heart of gold, flit across the bemused vision of Miss Sukie Bond, who after some painfully realistic adventures meets a real lord at Covent Garden, sees the Queen (Victoria) and goes back to marry the idiot.

What would Dean Inge say about it?

Sukie Bond is an attractive study in muddle-headed innocence but the unflinching perversity of the rest of the character drawing is not justifiable in a fairy story.

You must not throw stones from dream-land and expect them to hit the mark.

MISS STORM JAMESON is a Georgian, but distinctly uneasy about it. In another two years' time I should have written, "and distinctly uneasy." Miss Jameson realizes very clearly that the game is nearly up. By dint of including one veteran journalist now dead and such promising boys as Mr. Maurice Baring, Mr. Norman Douglas, Mr. D. H. Lawrence, Mr. Brett Young, Mr. de la Mare, Mr. Hugh Walpole, Mr. E. M. Forster, and Mr. Hueffer (I started putting exclamation marks after the names but gave it up) as "post-war novelists," she makes quite an imposing supplement to the half-dozen post-war writers whom she mentions.

She omits, however, most of those of any importance, notably Mr. Joseph Hergesheimer (*facile princeps*), Mr. Osbert Sitwell, Mr. A. P. Herbert, Mr. Freeman Wills Croft, and his brothers of the craft (one of the few genuinely "post war" literary movements), Miss Margaret Kennedy, Miss Mary Borden, and Mr. William Gerhardi. And where, if we are to admit sixty or under, is Mr. Somerset Maugham?

Miss Jameson's discourse is devoted to what she conceives to be characteristic of the characteristically Georgian creation. This is, as she

rightly points out, an intense subjectivity, an attempt to say something important about life in terms of unimportant people.

Mr. Robinson objects to this subjectivity, and Miss Jameson admits that he is right. But she gives the wrong reason. The Georgians, she says, have no faith. The real fact is that the faith of the novelist is as immaterial, because as uninteresting, as his faithlessness.

None of the people she mentions, whether dead, middle-aged or adolescent, can solve the mystery of the universe. The important thing is that they should pose it for us suggestively and at the same time accurately.



Olive Schreiner (in her fourteenth year), author of "The Story of a South African Farm," whose early novel, "Undine," is published for the first time.

Can "TALKIES" Succeed?

By Maitland Davidson

A MUCH - TALKED-OF "talkie" was produced a few days ago at the Empire. Its name is *In Old Arizona*, and, if we are to believe the doubtless quite genuinely enthusiastic American boosters of its high qualities, it is destined to inaugurate a new epoch in the (comparatively brief) history of films.

It displays, they declare, voice inflection and control as perfect as ever came from the lips of any actor on any stage in any theatre in the world. It will definitely establish public demand for all "talkie" pictures. Just a few *In Old Arizonas* and the silent motion picture "will pass out of entertainment service as quickly as did the use of the big-wheel velocipede when the small two-wheel air-tire bike came into action." (I was under the impression that it was the cushion-tyre bicycle that first ousted the "penny-farthing," and that two wheels were common to all; but let that pass.)

THE DONKEY'S BRAY.

NOW, as a matter of fact, this "movie-tone" is a better "talkie" than most I have seen so far. When I say "better," I mean, in the first place, more pictorially excellent, because such films as *The Jazz Singer* or *The Singing Fool* or *Interference* or *The Terror* have modern and commonplace settings of no particular attraction. Whereas this one does at least whisk us off into Mexico and show us some picturesque scenes.

Also, there has been added to the repro-

Latest developments in the production of "talkies" show a great improvement on the original examples, but it is still open to doubt whether the claim that they will oust "silent" films can be substantiated.



Gustav Fröhlich as the musician hero and Mady Christians, the singer heroine, in "The Burning Heart."



Dita Parlo, who takes the part of Marika in the dramatic romance "Hungarian Rhapsody."

But the primary, and, it seems to me, inevitable, defects and disadvantages of the talking picture continue to exist. The talk, for one thing, delays action; whereas swiftness is one of the prime privileges and recommendations of the movies. This sketch of a Mexican bandit, with a touch of chivalry, who robs coaches in the grand manner, and wreaks poetic vengeance on the girl who would have betrayed him, should move forward as rapidly as Dick Turpin's ride to York, and could if it were silent. Instead of which it halts and stumbles, and stumbles and halts, while the characters address each other, not very brilliantly, in various forms of the American language — complicated by foreign accents.

And though the words show an advance in clearness over certain specimens, the fundamental incongruity and ugliness of canned voices issuing from a screen remains, as it is always bound to remain.

This is not to say, of course, that the picture will not achieve a box office success.

SILENT BEAUTY.

BUT what a relief to turn from these blatant sounds to the silent beauty of such a picture as *Hungarian Rhapsody*, which has been running at the Marble Arch Pavilion. It makes the prophecy that these vulgar vocal travesties will cause the silent cinemas to "pass out of entertainment service" sounds singularly foolish. This new Ufa film, directed by Mr. Erich Pommer embodies some of the chief desiderata of the screen.

Its Hungarian setting, with quaint dresses and ceremonies and glimpses of the countryside, makes a lovely background for a lively romance. The quite credible and charming love story is told with plenty of movement and action; there is a comely trio of principals in Miss Lil Dagilover, Miss Dita Parlo, and Mr. Willy Fritsch; and the photography is admirable.

Fine photography is indeed an outstanding distinction of the German films. Another example is *The Burning Heart*, directed by Mr. Ludwig Berger.



Homely peasant life is depicted in "Hungarian Rhapsody" with remarkable realism, the film having been taken amid rural scenery.

duction of dialogue a considerable, and much more successful, element of the inarticulately vocal, as in the moo-ing of cows and the braying of donkeys, not to mention the clomp of horses' hoofs and the sizzling of bacon and eggs in a pan.

The donkey's bray is, indeed, the most effective thing in the whole picture—whether that should be regarded as any kind of comment on the "talkie" enterprise I would not venture to say.

Penny Post for Nothing

By Hamilton Fyfe.



Our contributor contends that it is possible to have the penny postage restored without forcing Mr. Churchill to give up the five or six millions he now receives from the three-halfpenny letter.

AN old relative of mine used to call the circulars and appeals and advertisements which the post delivered to her in open envelope, "halfpenny insults." Severely she distinguished between them and "letters." She hated to see the green glint of halfpenny stamps when she turned her mail over.

"Why don't they give us back Penny Post and stop all these people flourishing at our expense?" she said one day, and that query has been occurring to me at intervals ever since.

Why should so large a reduction be made to firms which advertise whisky, to outside stockbrokers on the look-out for clients, to insurance agents, to betting touts? They are being subsidised at the cost of all the rest of us. We pay three half-pence for our letters in order that business people may send their price-lists and invoices and accounts at a halfpenny rate.

Now that Canada has followed the example set by New Zealand and has fixed at two cents (a penny) the postage to Great Britain, the return to Penny Post here will be talked about with fresh vigour. Shall we allow ourselves once more to be doped with the stereotyped officialisms of the Postmaster-General? Or will an insistent demand be made for the fulfilment of the pledge which the Government gave the nation more than four years ago? And, if that demand arises, shall we have any new argument to put forward as a riposte against Mr. Churchill's refusal to give up the five to six millions a year which the Post Office profits yield him? "If you want it, you must pay for it," has been the declaration of Ministers during the past three years.

POSTAGE AS TAXATION.

IT is little use to point out that the three-halfpenny letter is a form of indirect taxation. True that is not generally understood. Most people fancy that it costs the Post Office three-halfpence to carry a letter which they could once carry for a penny. That is not so. The Post Office could restore Penny Postage and still make ends meet. But it could not continue to contribute between five and six millions to the yearly Budget of the Exchequer.

Was it intended, you may justly inquire, when the Post Office was established, that it should be expected to make profits and to ease the task of Chancellors of the Exchequer?

The reply to that must be: No, it was not. The Post Office was intended to do the business of letter carrying as cheaply as possible. The aim of its creators was to prevent profits being made out of something which they considered to be a national necessity. They certainly did not contemplate their institution being used as a means of imposing taxation, all the more insidious and objectionable because it is not clearly recognised as taxation.

However, it has become the practice of the Treasury to engulf the Post Office profits (which ought to be used for the lowering of postal charges) and when Treasury fingers have closed on anything, they are very hard to pull off. Is there no way to get our Penny Post again without forcing Mr. Churchill to give up the five to six millions which are an indirect tax on all who use the post? I believe there is a way.

WHY NOT REVISE THE HALFPENNY RATE?

AS it stands that rate is a gift to numbers of prosperous firms (for no firm which is not prosperous is likely to be able to take advantage of it). And judging by my own experience and that of many whom I have questioned, the quantity of communications carried for a half-penny must be about two-thirds of the whole amount.

Every day our letter boxes contain at least two "half-penny" insults for every genuine honest-to-God three-half-penny letter. Most of these are put into the waste-paper basket at once. I believe many are thrown away without being opened. Appeals for charity get less and less response. Newspaper advertisement is a far more certain means of attracting customers than the posted circular—unless the circular is very skilfully composed.

There is no reason whatever that I can see for being tender

to those who use the halfpenny rate for business purposes. Why should the wealthy tobacco merchant or whisky distiller be favoured at the expense of the poor folk who must pay three halfpence for every message they send from absent son or daughter to father or mother at home?

A REFORM WITHOUT COST.

SUPPOSE then that Penny Post were to be restored, and the halfpenny rate in its present form abolished. What would be the result?

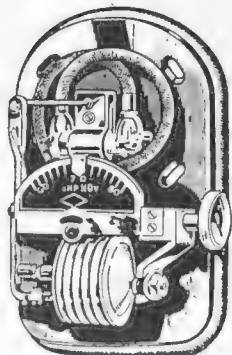
First of all, this: At least half of those who now use the halfpenny rate would certainly pay the extra halfpenny and post their communications in closed envelopes. Probably far more than half would do this. But for the sake of argument let us be content to say that fifty per cent. of the "halfpennies" would under changed regulations become "pennorths." This would mean that for the halfpennies taken off one-third of the total of communications, halfpennies would be put on to another third. Thus, the Post Office profits would be left untouched. The Chancellor of the Exchequer would have to impose no new taxation to make up for the loss of his five to six millions. The



Wonderful accuracy is maintained by the sorters who cope with millions of letters every day. Our illustration shows the sorting office at General Post Office, London.



—and your business premises too!



The Brain of the Burner.

According to the rise and fall of the Temperature above or below your desired level the Thermostat turns the burner on or off automatically.

Runs your Central Heating, never wastes your fuel, and keeps your indoor temperature level whatever the weather.

Imagine your central heating run by an invisible hand, doing your stoking without fuss or mess, keeping the temperature at the same equable level from chilly dawn to midnight and you'll realise what harnessing Oil, the invisible stoker, to your present system means.

Simply set thermostat to required temperature and leave it. Controls the Burner so that no fuel is consumed unnecessarily. When required heat is raised it turns off Burner and no more fuel is consumed until temperature falls below desired level when it automatically turns on Burner and fuel consumption is resumed. With coke stoking the consumption of fuel is continuous irrespective of actual heating requirements:

No smell, smoke, or noise. Works on Diesel or Fuel Oils easily procurable from Oil Distributors. Easily installed and maintained.

Perfectly safe—Insurance Companies will not raise their premiums when they learn the Parwinac is the system in use.

Write us to-day for full particulars, quoting the name and nature of your present heating system, maker's name, number and size of boiler. Ask for Booklet OB621.

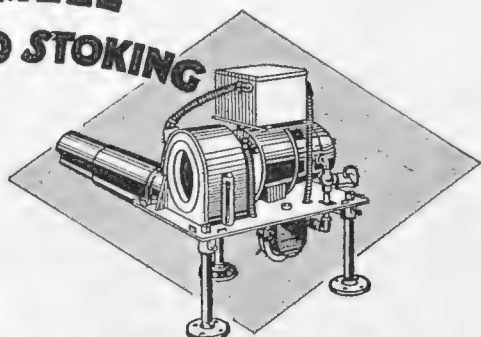
NO FUMES
NO SMELL
NO STOKING

PARKER, WINDER & ACHURCH, LTD.

Heating Engineers, BIRMINGHAM,
London, Manchester, Leicester.



OVER 100
SUCCESSFUL
INSTALLATIONS
IN ONE YEAR.



Parwinac for AUTOMATIC CENTRAL HEATING

OBR

PENNY POST FOR NOTHING (continued).

reform so keenly desired by all sorts of people for all sorts of reasons would be accomplished without any cost to the nation at all.

Here are the figures:

Total of letters carried in a year, 3,500 millions.

Number charged at three halfpence (one-third), 1,166 millions.

Number charged at a halfpenny (two-thirds), 2,332 millions. Loss on 1,166 millions reduced to a penny, £2,429,166.

Gain in 1,166 millions increased from a halfpenny to a penny, £2,429,166.

Result—No change.

But that would not really be the result.

GREATER CIRCULATION OF LETTERS.

TO begin with, far more than half of the present half-penny raters would be likely to use the penny post. And to go on with, the number of genuine letters written would be very much larger than it is to-day. The increase has been estimated even by the Postmaster-General's official prompters at 300 millions. That would add a million and a quarter pounds to the Post Office receipts. Nor would that be the

number of letters posted when the Penny Rate had been established was vastly greater than the unofficial witness had expected it to be. The officials were

shown to have been comically at fault in their understanding of the public and its eagerness to write more letters, provided it could so do at a small charge.

Again, when we have for the second time established Penny Post we shall see the over - conservative estimates of officials at St. Martin-le-Grand proved to be far below the mark. The effect of the change will be just what it was ninety years ago—a big expansion of Post Office revenue—if the change is made in the manner I have sketched.



If you want it you must pay for it.

MR. CHURCHILL the other day defended the three-half-penny rate, as any Chancellor of the Exchequer would defend it. He would have to find six million pounds' worth of new taxation, if he gave up this easy money. But the Treasury would have no objection whatever to the change from three-halfpence to a penny if what was lost on the roundabouts was gained on the swings.

The result, so far as the national revenue is concerned, would be the same. To the mass of the nation, on the contrary, the consequence of charging less for letters and more for circulars would be of the happiest kind. There are so many people nowadays who have to look twice, not only at every penny, but at every halfpenny they spend.

Maybe they could, if they chose, afford the higher rate, but in their ears three-halfpence sounds so much more than a penny. If we help them to keep up the warmth of their affections and at the same time rid ourselves of unwanted circulars about cigars or stocks and shares, we shall do a very good piece of work.



The quantity of communications carried for a halfpenny must be about two-thirds of the whole amount.

limit of the enhanced circulation of letters which Penny Post would give us. I said that "even the officials" estimated 300 millions more, and I put in the "even" because I happened to recollect how wrong the secretaries and head clerks in the Post Office were when Penny Post was introduced for the first time. The Committee charged with the inquiry in Rowland Hill's proposal reported: "That in the opinion of all the witnesses excepting most of the officers of the Post Office the adoption of Mr. Hill's plan would occasion a very large increase in the number of letters posted and a far greater increase than would be required to maintain the revenue at the present amount."

What happened was that the



The officials were shown to have been comically at fault in their understanding of the public.

MYSTERIES of

By
E.T. BROWN

BIRD MIGRATION

AMONG all the mysteries of nature there is none more fascinating than that of bird migration. Though many theories have been formed which, read in conjunction with well-known facts, appear to clear up some of the problems, it is still largely conjectural as to why or how birds manage to travel many thousand miles yearly and return to the same localities. One of the best known authorities on bird life, Mr. Coward, F.Z.S., gives as his definite opinion that the answer to most of the questions relating to bird migration is simply that "we do not know."

There are, according to the best authorities on the subject, some 500 birds classified as British, but this long list includes many species which are only occasional visitors, and some which merely touch these islands for a spell on their way south, so that for all practical purposes one can divide the commoner or better known birds into two categories—our home-bred birds and our visitors.

OUR RESIDENT BIRDS.

By the term resident one implies a bird which nests and breeds here, and to all appearances does not leave the country, or perhaps even the locality in which it was hatched. Birds will remain in any area so long as the food supply is sufficient to maintain them; but obviously if every bird hatched in a certain area were to remain there indefinitely sustenance would soon give out.

Most resident species, as a consequence, perform what I may call a kind of local migration, even if it be only a few miles, while others will travel the length of the British Isles. Hard weather, which in itself implies a lack of the necessary food, will drive grouse from the high ground to the more sheltered glens, and will even cause English-bred birds to cross the Irish Channel for the sake of the milder climate of Ireland.

THAT MYSTERIOUS WANDER-LUST.

THERE is, however, another phase of this local migration. Time and again it has been proved that in the same species some birds cling to home and others are affected by the wander-lust. As an instance of this, it is mentioned in *British Birds* that out of 37 woodcock bred in Cumberland and ringed when they were nestlings, 20 were afterwards traced in the

The habits of migratory birds is a subject which has proved a fascinating puzzle to ornithologists. Experiments have yielded some extraordinary results, and our contributor deals with these and other phenomena of bird migration.

same locality, 14 were recovered in Ireland, 1 in Essex and 1 in France. How is this difference in habit among birds of the same breed to be accounted for?

The fact that a certain proportion of woodcock breed in these islands was established in 1871, when a Mr. Mark of Lewes satisfied himself that not less than 150 nests was the annual average for East Sussex alone (*The Encyclopædia of Sport*, Vol. 2). This implies, allowing for all casualties, not less than 500 old and young birds, yet before November, when the foreign birds arrive, one scarcely sees one woodcock in that part of the country. Where have they gone?

Both the instances I have quoted seem to support the theory, and it is no more, that some of the home-bred birds move on farther south in the autumn, and are replaced by the migrants from Northern Europe. Thus migration is an elastic term which may be used to cover journeys of a few miles or a few thousand.

HOW THE BIRDS MIGRATE.

OUR Spring and Autumn visitors migrate in different ways. Some, such as swallows, travel in flocks of thousands; others, such as ducks, snipe and woodcock, in smaller parties; and a few, like the cuckoo, travel singly. They mostly travel on a favourable wind, over country which will keep them supplied with food, and whenever possible they stick to a coast line.

Many of the autumn migrants, woodcock and snipe especially, come to us from Russia and Scandinavia, and converge both from the shores of the Baltic and the Norwegian coast on to the North German seaboard, whence, travelling

on a very broad front, some go directly south along the coast line to France, and others on the north-easterly winds reach our East coast.

HABIT AND WINDS.

WHILE these routes and methods have been actually the subject of observation, there are, of course, many variations in direction taken by the migrants, which are influenced by habit and custom, and by that very important factor, the force of the winds. There used to be a theory that many birds migrated against the wind, the argument being that a strong following wind would tend to overwhelm them. Knowledge gained from aviation and the effects of gales on aeroplanes, however, has tended to disprove this theory.

THE MAGNITUDE OF THE MIGRATION.

THE magnitude of the migration is abundantly brought home, however, to anyone who watches the bird life of the coast. But even so, what is seen is for the most part of the nature of evidence. It is only under special conditions that the wonderful migration flight itself can be observed in progress.

Those conditions are practically limited to the neighbourhood of a favourably-placed light-house on a dark and damp night. Ships at sea sometimes, it is true, meet with flocks of tired land-birds, which often settle in numbers on the rigging; and with luck one may sometimes see parties of birds arriving on our East coast in the early mornings.

When the sky is overcast and the atmosphere thick, the birds apparently, instead of passing high overhead, lose their bearings to some extent and fly bewildered towards the great light. Then, if a general movement has been in progress, the scene presented is strange beyond description—the air filled with the voices of birds of every sort, land-birds, water-birds, birds of prey, the loud calls of wildfowl, the piping of waders, the familiar notes of small birds of the hedgerows and woods.

Use **MAZDA**
LAMPS

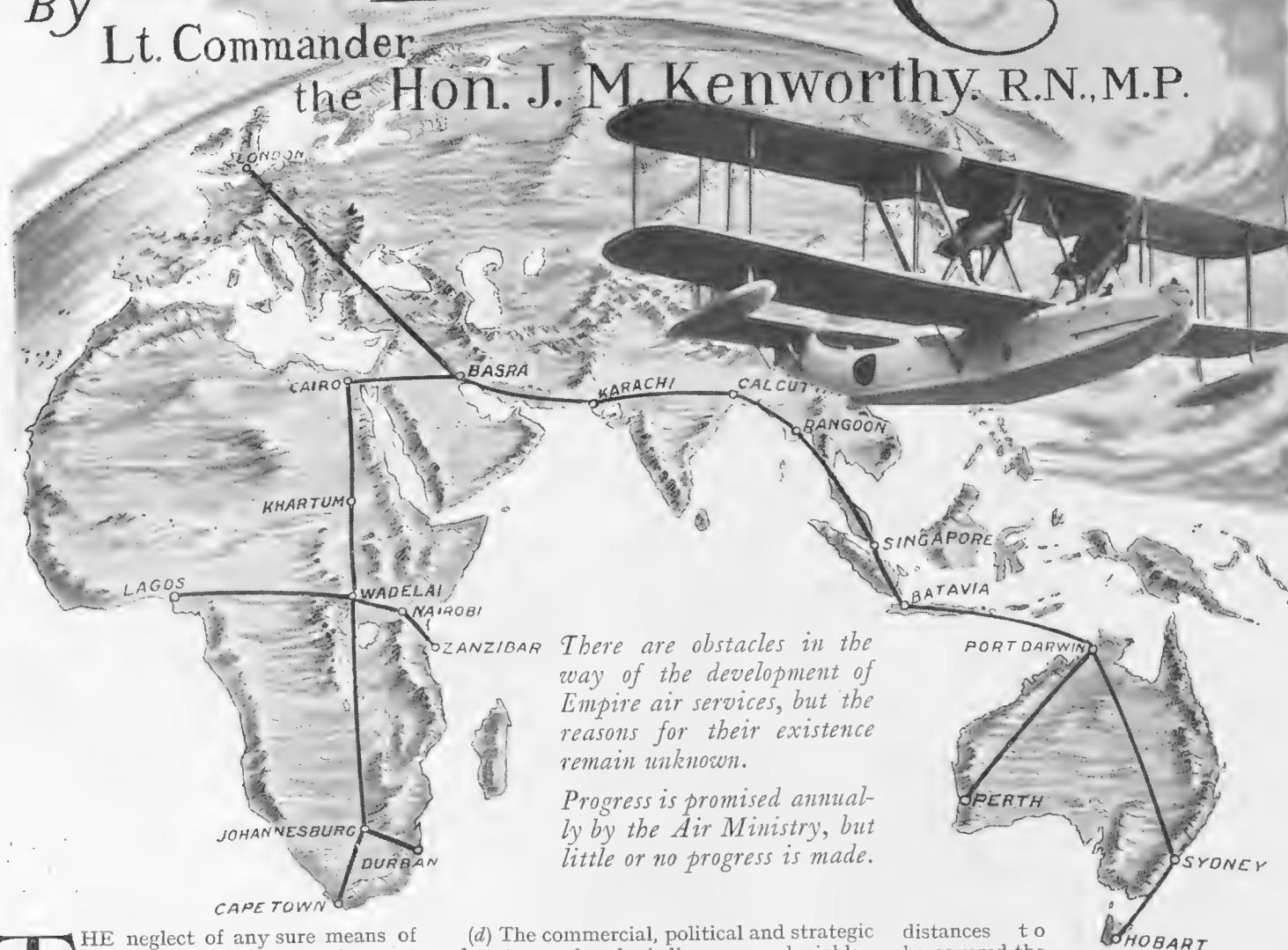
and see
things in the
right light



The AIR and the EMPIRE



By Lt. Commander
the Hon. J. M. Kenworthy, R.N., M.P.



There are obstacles in the way of the development of Empire air services, but the reasons for their existence remain unknown.

Progress is promised annually by the Air Ministry, but little or no progress is made.

THE neglect of any sure means of increasing trade and employment at the present juncture is little short of criminal. Yet one of the most potent means of improving and quickening communications and helping commerce within the Empire has been scandalously neglected. I refer to the failure to develop an Imperial Commercial Air Service during the last ten years.

I will begin by stating a few facts:

(a) There have been no technical or other difficulties whatsoever in the way of establishing a regular mail and passenger service, by a combination of seaplanes and aeroplanes, between Croydon and the Cape of Good Hope, and between Croydon and Australia via Egypt, Iraq, India and the Straits Settlements, for the last seven or eight years.

(b) The routes have been flown frequently, and in the case of the main Cairo to the Cape air line some of the aerodromes have actually been established and the ground cleared.

(c) The inhabitants of the Dominions themselves, and the commercial community in India, especially, have been pressing for such air routes for a number of years.

(d) The commercial, political and strategic advantages of such air lines are undeniable.

SOMETHING MAY HAPPEN "IN THE SPRING."

IN view of the above incontrovertible facts, which were accepted at the last Imperial Conference, the reason for the slow progress, or rather lack of progress, is mysterious. Year after year the Air Minister in Parliament, pressed from both sides of the House and by members of all Parties interested in, and with knowledge of, the matter, has promised progress "in the spring." Every time the Air Estimates come up for discussion, Parliament is told that a regular air route to India will be commenced "in a few months' time."

When further pressed as to the extension of this route to Australia or the establishment of an air route to the Cape, the reply has always been "the matter is being carefully considered." But that is as far as we get, except that one link in the Imperial air route to India—the Cairo to Baghdad route—is actually being flown. But it is like a section of an arterial road beginning in the wastes and leading nowhere. It is a truism of commercial aviation that the longer the

distances to be covered the greater advantage there is in covering them by air.

Comparatively little is gained in flying from Croydon to Paris. But when a business letter can be sent from London to Sydney, Australia, in five days instead of in six weeks, the present time by steamer, the advantage is so obvious as to require no further demonstration.

WHAT OTHER NATIONS HAVE DONE.

AND while we have been talking, other nations have been acting. Germany to-day has no colonies. But out of 37,500 miles of European air routes in regular operation Germany operates 14,500 miles, France 8,800, and Great Britain 1,000. Even if we add the Cairo-Basra route our total mileage regularly flown is only 2,500. Little Belgium for three years now has had in operation a very successful air route 1,500 miles long in the Belgian Congo.

The French African Colonies are all linked up with each other and with France by aeroplane, and France is now extending her air routes over the Sahara. With the exception

of a few air-taxi routes in Cape Colony, we have not a mile of commercial air route operating in the whole of Africa. The first commercial aeroplanes carrying mails to the Far East were flown last year by *Holland* in order to quicken up business communications with the Dutch East Indies, flying, of course, by way of India and the British Straits Settlements!

The distance from New York to San Francisco is the same as from London to Baghdad. Business men in New York, Chicago and San Francisco have at their disposal an excellent railway system. Yet for the past five years every day and every

only so that the shareholders should profit and the directors draw their fees, but in order that a great Imperial service could be established and developed.

We are told that the political difficulties in Persia held up development. Sir Austen Chamberlain might well have devoted his diplomatic talents to solving them; but, in any case, a route, south of the Persian Gulf, using seaplanes for the last lap to Karachi without touching Persian territory at all, is quite feasible. But there have been no political difficulties standing in the way of an aviation service in the West Indies. Yet no serious attempt has been made to

establish one, and now the Americans have stepped in and will operate the service for us, linking up North and South America, with American aeroplanes and American pilots.

If the Imperial Airways monopoly has really stood in the way, Parliament could have imposed a time limit and if something had not been done could then have broken the monopoly. For the matter is far too serious for trifling.

CAPE TO CAIRO ROUTE.

TO return to Africa. The so-called Dark Continent could be made very light indeed from the aviation and Imperial point of view. The great Cape to Cairo air route would have feeders stretching out to all the East and West African Crown Colonies. But so long have we been in starting that some of the aerodromes that had actually been cleared and prepared are now overgrown again with brushwood, and will presently revert to the jungle.

In Australia a splendid Trans-continental aeroplane service has been established by the Commonwealth Government, and another is operating round the coasts of that vast sub-continent. Even if the Shah of Persia was able to defy the British Empire and deny us the freedom of the air we could at least have joined up Burma with the Straits Settlements, Sumatra and Port Darwin, thus connecting up with the Australian system.

To come to details. There are no physical difficulties in the way. In 1925 in the Official Report on Civil Aviation by the Air Ministry, it is stated that the "route from England to Rangoon, with the exception of the Taurus and Lebanon Mountains, presents extra-

ordinarily favourable physical conditions for regular flying even in bad weather."

As for the Taurus and Lebanon Mountains a German-Turkish Aviation Company is negotiating them regularly at the present time with Fokker aeroplanes.

The cost of a weekly service each way between London and Australia and back is calculated, on known commercial flying statistics, to cost £300,000 a year; or less than the annual cost of upkeep of one battleship. This route would tap six European countries, Egypt, Palestine, Iraq, India, Burma, the Straits Settlements and the Dutch East Indies, picking up mails and passengers all along the route. For we must get out of our heads the idea of the long spectacular flight by a single machine.

A commercial service is operated by a series of aeroplanes taking comparatively short hops varying in distance, according to circumstances, of one hundred to seven hundred miles. Sydney can be reached with modern aircraft in this way in ten to twelve days flying by day only and in five to seven days flying by day and night. It must be repeated that there are no technical difficulties in the way of either the day or the night system. The distance is approximately 12,000 miles. The proved cost of air transport is less than three shillings per ton mile. Supposing half a ton of useful load is carried, the cost for 12,000 miles would be about £1,800. Taking the Post Office calculation of 39,000 letters to the half ton, this works out at one shilling per letter. The £300,000 estimate above is worked out on a calculation of 5s. a ton mile.

NOW as to the commercial advantages. Consider the carriage of cheques carrying five-per-cent. interest due on presentation. The saving is £140 a day on every million pounds transmitted. Cheques, of course, can be cabled, but this is expensive and in practice a great many interest-bearing bills, cheques and other documents go by mail.

Great advantages would accrue from hastening the transmission of catalogues, blue prints, engineering specifications and plans, tenders and contracts of all kinds and actual samples. American merchants reap an advantage in Australia by being less than three weeks away by steamer from San Francisco. It will be some years before flying will be practicable as a commercial proposition from the United States to Australasia.

The business advantage here of a five or ten day service is obvious.

History proves that sea power depends mainly on a flourishing Mercantile Marine. Air power depends to as great an extent on a flourishing Air Commerce. We should have a valuable reserve of pilots used to long-distance flights in all weathers; and always available, and an almost equally valuable reserve of aeroplane mechanics.

Nor is this a matter only for the Air Ministry, most of whose time seems to be occupied in fighting the Admiralty and War Office for the necessary money for the building up of a fighting Air Force. The Committee of Imperial Defence, the Colonial Office, the Board of Trade, the Postmaster-General, the Admiralty and the War Office are all closely concerned.



The Victoria Falls from an aeroplane, showing bridge in the middle distance.

night aeroplanes with mails leave New York for San Francisco via Chicago and their "opposite numbers" leave on their flight from the Pacific Coast to the Atlantic seaboard of the Union.

So great has been the advantage of the few hours gained in the transmission of business documents, cheques, commercial bills and other interest-bearing documents, that every city of importance in the United States is crying out for aeroplane communication. And most of them are getting it; for a splendid air network has been established throughout the United States and has already proved of great commercial utility. Even Soviet Russia has developed her commercial air lines south to Persia and east to Afghanistan and Siberia and is extending and developing them as fast as funds are available.

WHAT HINDERS PROGRESS?

IT is not as though the aeroplane were still in an experimental stage. The American air mail service runs with an average of ninety-nine per cent. efficiency and during 1927 the mails were never delayed on any occasion during the whole of the twelve months' flying.

What is the cause of the trouble with the British Empire? Many blame the monopoly granted to Imperial Airways. But the monopoly was granted not



An aerial view of Delhi Aerodrome.



By sheer merit
**"Ovaltine" is established as the
 Supreme Food Beverage**

BY sheer merit "Ovaltine" has become the daily food beverage in millions of homes throughout the World and also one of the principal articles of diet in leading hospitals, sanatoria and nursing institutions in every civilised country.

"Ovaltine" owes its supremacy to the fact that it is a complete and perfect food containing every element necessary to the maintenance of mental and physical fitness. It is a scientific preparation both in conception and manufacture. The essential food elements—proteins, fats, carbohydrates, mineral salts and all the vitamins are present in "Ovaltine" in just the proportion necessary to keep brain, nerves and body in a healthy condition. The method of manufacture is unique and exclusively used for "Ovaltine."

"Ovaltine" is a pure, natural product prepared from Nature's foods which are richest in nourishment—creamy milk from England's richest pas-

tures, malt extract from the best home-grown barley, specially selected eggs, and the purest cocoa. Milk is Nature's food *par excellence*. Eggs are particularly important because they supply lecithin (organic phosphorus)—the only reliable source for building up brain and nerves.

This health-giving food beverage is easily and completely absorbed into the system. Every particle of "Ovaltine" is nourishment. One cupful contains more nutriment than 3 eggs. "Ovaltine" also aids the digestion of several times its weight of ordinary food. This greatly increases the nutritive value of all other foods forming part of the dietary.

‘OVALTINE’

TONIC FOOD BEVERAGE

Prices in Great Britain and Northern Ireland, 1/3, 2/- and 3/9 per tin.

WOMAN'S SECTION

FROM careers to cooking, from furnishing to fashion these are but a few of the intimate interests of the woman of to-day—narrow vistas though they be, opening out of her ever-widening sphere. For her there are no longer barriers to "this freedom."



Miss Edith Evans as Florence Nightingale.

Pollard Crowther

THE memory of Florence Nightingale, the pioneer of trained nursing, can never die, but it has, perhaps, grown a little dim to a generation accustomed, as a matter of course, to rely in cases of illness upon the comforting efficiency of a nurse with a thorough hospital training.

That brilliant actress, Miss Edith Evans, has brought her to life, portraying with insight and sympathy the strong, arresting personality that dominates the little group of "eminent Victorians" who

also live so vividly in "A Lady with a Lamp."

Florence Nightingale, born in Italy in 1820 (she was ninety years old when she died), began early in life to take an interest in the science of nursing, and the Crimean War, with its terrible medical mismanagement, was her great chance of utilising her knowledge and marvellous powers of organisation for the good of the nation.

From 1854, when she sailed for Scutari, the history of the Crimea is also the history

of Florence Nightingale's devotion to the duty of relieving the sufferings of the sick and wounded. She and the gallant little band of women who accompanied her toiled unceasingly to bring some skilled attention, some degree of comfort, into hospitals, inadequately equipped and short of supplies, and her nightly round of the wards, never omitted, no matter how hard she had laboured during the day, earned her from the grateful soldiers the title of the "Lady with the Lamp."

The Models of the Moment

Tailored clothes by day and by night—the graceful frock, designed on picture lines:

By MARJORY CHARLTON

IN London, as in Paris, dress parades, at the rate, not of one, but of several, each day, are among the most important of semi-social engagements during the next few weeks. All the world is spending its afternoons and sometimes its evenings watching mannequins glide, swagger, or trip by to a musical accompaniment that includes the pleasing rattle of tea-cups or the clink of ice in cocktail glasses. But while we look into the near future, so far as our clothes are concerned, we must not fail to take into consideration the ones we are to wear *now*. Summer dresses cannot be brought into requisition until there shines in the sky a sun worthy of the name and ice-laden winds have ceased to blow from the east.

It is a serious mistake, from the dress point of view, to carry our winter wardrobes into the spring season, but it is equally one to anticipate summer too eagerly. There is always the transition stage to be considered.

FOR wearing at the moment, Paris says tweeds and other "woollens," and, paying us a compliment that is as genuine as it is graceful, uses to a large extent those of British manufacture.

The Harris and Cheviot tweeds that hail from Scotland, the worsteds and Saxony suitings, for which Yorkshire is mainly responsible, the West of England tweeds, the Connemara and Donegal tweeds and homespun that belong to Ireland, are all going to the making of the overcoats, costumes, and three-pieces that are being worn to-day.

"Woollens" in their latest variety are not only light and spring-like in appearance, but light in weight also. For some time past they have been coming into line with the requirements of modern dress, for they are often used, in the case of two- and three-pieces, with very fine wool-jersey or crêpe de Chine. Warmth, in fact, can still be associated with wool, but weight need be no longer.

Designs are inclined to be small and indefinite; overchecking is much in favour; and although greens and yellows and others of the pastel shades are included in the new ranges, it is all the brownish tints that predominate.

THIS feeling for woollen fabrics is, of course, to be directly associated with the vogue for tailor-made styles that, side by side with all that is graceful and feminine in the evening, are almost universal for day wear just now.

They are very simple, very severe, the new tailored suits, devoid even of pipings of leather or braid; sometimes they have stitched effects in the form of borders; otherwise they depend entirely on perfection of cut and line.

The new overcoats, on the other hand, are often quite interestingly treated; sometimes they have knife pleats let in at the



Worsted suiting in two shades of brown, lightly checked, carries out an up-to-date tailored ensemble, consisting of an overcoat, cut on easy lines, under which a coat and skirt are worn. (Burberry)



An effective three-piece, made up in fancy suiting, beige flecked on a brownish background, that has a coat slightly shorter than the skirt, bordered with the same material, which also trims the beige crêpe de chine jumper and scarf. (H. J. Nicoll)

side; sometimes the back is arranged in groups of stitched panels; sometimes panels, falling from a shoulder yoke, gradually extend into inverted pleats.

Coats are either full length, reaching to the hem of the skirt underneath, or, in the case of some of the newest ensembles, three-quarter length; or again, just a shade shorter than the dress.

COSTUME coats are slightly longer, just covering the hips—and are usually single breasted; the edges may be round or straight, and in the former case, they fasten, of course, with one link button. They are either cut on easy lines, just moulded to the figure, or are definitely waisted, flaring below the waist in the form of a basque, but this latter shape has up to now only made a very tentative appearance.

Tailor-made styles certainly suit Englishwomen, and they are taking full advantage of them at the moment—amusingly stressing



Celanese crêpe-Bruxelles, patterned in beige and scarlet against a background of black, is used for this attractive afternoon frock, with narrow scarlet piping at the yoke and round the edge of the draped overskirt.

the masculine note, not only in style, but in all the accompanying accessories, which may include a cane and single carnation in the button-hole.

As an accompaniment to the tailor-made suit, the shirt is gradually ousting the jumper from favour, worn, however, inside the skirt and slightly pouched. (We must look to the size of our waists!) It may have a collar tie on masculine lines or be of the frilly variety slightly starched and severely plain.

THE H. J. Nicoll model, illustrated here, and carried out in an over-checked Saxony suiting, is quite amusingly masculine in cut, for it is completed by a waistcoat, made of the same material as the suit, designed on exactly the same lines as a man's. With this suit a shirt, of course, is worn, expressed in rose-beige crêpe de Chine, and a tie of deep brown silk emphasises the brownish colour note.

From this same firm comes also an up-to-date three-piece of fancy suiting, beige flecked on a background of tan and brown. The coat, not quite so long as the skirt, you will observe, has a border of the same material, which also trims the beige crêpe de Chine jumper, made with the fashionable scarf collar.

Many of the new spring tailored costumes have overcoats to match them, which give a most delightful effect of unity, when in the case of travelling, motoring, etc., a coat and skirt require, on the score of

warmth, the addition of an extra wrap. The Burberry model, shown on the opposite page, carries out this idea, for both the overcoat and the costume, worn underneath, are made of worsted suiting, in an Urquhart design in two shades of brown.

PRI NTED fabrics are enjoying a quite unprecedented popularity for afternoon frocks, whether the medium is chiffon, georgette, satin, silk-crêpe, or one of the many attractive artificial silks. There are floral patterns, both bold and demure,



Ivory Celanese satin and marquise are combined effectively in a graceful evening frock, designed on picture lines, the bodice fitting closely and the skirt long and flowing.

with a strong tendency to reproduce flowers in their natural colourings; there are checks and stripes; there are geometrical patterns and broken ones, that follow no known rule, but manage to achieve a most artistic effect. Nor must necktie silks be forgotten; quite a number of early spring dresses are being made up in them. Another feminine invasion!

The afternoon model photographed is made of Celanese crêpe-Bruxelles, the colour-

ings being beige and scarlet on a black background, with narrow pipings of scarlet at the yoke and round the edge of the draped overskirt. For the collar, tie and cuffs, beige georgette is used.

The evening gowns of the moment, perhaps as a reaction against the severity of the tailored styles that prevail by day between the seasons, are mostly designed on picture lines, the bodices close fitting, and the skirts either long and flowing or made important by panel draperies or pannier effects at the hips. Two or more fabrics often go to their making, ivory Celanese satin and marquise being, for instance, most delightfully combined in the evening gown illustrated.

SASHES and sash effects are becoming increasingly important, but the bustle, heralded at the beginning of the year, has not been received with enthusiasm and is modified in the newer interpretations. One of Premet's new models shows it in its newest form, on a frock of cornflower-blue chiffon, embroidered with velvet flowers appliqué and points of glittering diamanti. On this frock, a sash, expressed in cornflower blue velvet, points downwards from quite a high waist-line in front and flows away in long ends, following the lines of the skirt that at the back almost touches the ground.

On a black tulle Cheruit model a sash is employed not once but twice! In other words it is seen in the form of black ciré ribbon, set just below the waist line, the two ends encircling the skirt, to which it is lightly tacked, the same treatment being repeated half-way down the skirt.

Another interpretation of the sash is the sports belt, which may be carried out in suede, but more often in the same fabric as the frock.



Saxony suiting, the predominating colour prune brown, is used for something new in tailor-mades, amusingly masculine in cut and completed by a waistcoat of the material made on exactly the same lines as a man's. Note the single carnation button-hole.
(H. J. Nicoll)

(Photographs by Peter North.)

The Care of Others as a Career

Attractions of The Nursing Profession

By Margaret Thomas

Far better prospects are offered for educated women in the nursing profession than was formerly the case. The cost of training is not high and the chances of employment, when qualified, are excellent both at home and overseas.

training for Sister Tutors in co-operation with King's College for Women. In 1925, it established a six months' full-time course of training for health visitors, approved by the Ministry of Health, and in 1927 began courses of lectures for nurses wishing to qualify for the

University of London Diploma in Nursing.

London is also the centre of some outstanding international courses for nurses. The League of Red Cross Societies in conjunction with Bedford College for Women, University of London, and the College of Nursing gives a course in public health for nurses and a course for nurse administrators and teachers in schools of nursing.

THE COST OF INSTRUCTION.

IF that's the top of the profession, how does one prepare for the climb? First, good physique is essential. A medical and dental examination have to be passed and candidates must be personally interviewed by the matron of the hospital she enters. The principal London hospitals which are first in the British Empire—Guy's, the London, St. Bartholomew's, St. Thomas's, Charing Cross, the Westminster, St. George's, Middlesex and University College—have somewhat similar rules of admission. The variation in age is slight, generally between 19 and 33, not younger than 19, though it may be a year or so more and not over 33, though it may be a year or so less.

They go through a preliminary course and examination before entering the wards, most hospitals having followed the example of the Glasgow Royal Infirmary which first instituted such a course at St. Mungoes College in 1893, the London Hospital starting it two years later. The London Hospital, by the way, is the largest in the country, having 900 beds and about 700 nurses.

This preliminary course varies from six to nine weeks and the fees for it are generally six guineas covering the cost of instruction, board - residence and laundry. Some hospitals require a further trial period in the wards of a few weeks before taking them on the four years' engagement.

London hospitals generally allow two or more hours off duty each day, a half day a week, a whole day a month, and three weeks' holiday in the year to probationers.

Salaries have improved. Maintenance is always given. The big variation in pay is dependent on the size of the hospital. Most London hospitals pay first-year probationers £20 which increases to £40; staff nurses generally receive from £60-£70; ward sisters, £85-£120; night superintendents, £85-£150; home sisters, £100-£160; assistant matrons, £85-£255; matrons, £150-£500. In the public health field salaries range from £250-£500.

A fascinating side of nursing is that under the Overseas Nursing Association which sends nurses to posts all over the world.

There were the tasks that used to be assigned to probationers. "No lady could undertake them." Yet Florence Nightingale and others as delicately nurtured did. But now much of this kind of thing is done by ward maids though English nursing holds that a nurse should learn certain household tasks so that in case of necessity she can do them for her patient. And the idea is to be commended. The heavier, rougher work, however, has been taken out of the nurse's routine. Working hours have been decreased. Opportunity for study and rest and recreation is afforded. Outside interests are now encouraged.

In fact, educated, cultured girls who will go through the initial hard work and apply themselves wholeheartedly to acquiring the principles of the profession, find an avenue which may take them to interesting positions all over the earth. They can climb to high positions at home and abroad. Then, too, there are the newer openings as health visitors in the public health field under the Ministry of Health. A recent Federated Superannuation Scheme provides a lump sum or annuities for old age.

THE UNIFORM'S PROTECTION.

IN addition to these changes inside the profession, there are others affecting outside status. The Nurses' Registration Act of 1919 affords one tangible sign of the progress. The General Nursing Council was set up that year as a state body. If hospitals with training schools for nurses meet with its approval, they go on a list of those accredited which girls thinking of this profession would do well to obtain. Then a nurse's status is legalised. If she passes the State examinations held in various places by the General Nursing Council, her name goes on the imposing official Register for England and Wales. There are similar ones for Scotland, Northern Ireland and the Irish Free State. Only these nurses may wear the regulation uniform. That is to say a nurse's uniform is protected nowadays in precisely the same way as the uniform of the Army and Navy.

ENTERING THE PROFESSION.

STIFFEST of all is the University of London course, opened in 1926, for fully trained State registered nurses who wish to obtain its Diploma in Nursing. Nurses also have colleges of their own in London where trained or graduate nurses can do post-graduate work.

The College of Nursing now incorporated under Royal Charter was established in 1916. Two years later it started a course of



Little Sister. By Kirchner.

"**E** DUCATED, refined girls of the right type are able to get to the top of the nursing profession more than in any other. They can sweep the board."

Dynamic words these, coming as they did from the Matron of one of the greatest of our London hospitals. Her own achievement gave additional force to her statement for she is one of Britain's outstanding nurses and her name is an international one. The sentences are corroborated by other nursing leaders. Girls looking for a vocation in life can find a noble, satisfying one in nursing.

THE EXAMPLE OF FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE.

FOR nearly seventy years now, it has been one of the two main professions open to women, ever since Florence Nightingale founded the Training School at St. Thomas' Hospital in 1860 with the offering publicly laid at her feet for her Crimean War services. In 1891, for example, there were over 50,000 nurses and to-day over 86 per cent. of the women in the professions are engaged either in nursing or teaching. But people used to look with derogatory eye on the nursing profession. Many girls with ambition and intelligence and education used to be deterred from entering it. Why?

Refrigeration is *not* costly



DOMESTIC refrigeration is not only a health necessity—it is a *definite economy!* With an Electrolux Refrigerator in your home you greatly reduce waste of food; you can prepare food in advance and so avoid that last-minute rush—the Electrolux will keep it fresh and wholesome; you can make all the ice you need at a negligible cost; you can add variety to the menu.

The Electrolux Refrigerator operates silently—no moving parts—nothing to go wrong. There is a model to fit conveniently into *your* home at a *price* you can afford to pay.

Operates on GAS,
ELECTRICITY
OR PARAFFIN

Prices from

£37 : 10 : 0

to

£157 : 10 : 0

Deferred Payments gladly arranged.

BRITISH Electrolux SILENT, MOTORLESS REFRIGERATORS

ELECTROLUX, LTD.

Head Office: 153-155 Regent Street,
London, W. 1.

Works: Luton, Bedfordshire.

31 Branches and 421 Distributors throughout
Great Britain.



Rooms of To-day

Simplicity and Novelty in Modern Schemes

WHILE "simplicity" aptly describes in one word the keynote of modern furnishing, "novelty" is the second word which must supplement it, if the description is to be a just one. At a glance it will be seen that the interiors illustrated on this page can, therefore, rightly lay claim to being expressive of the rather advanced style of to-day.

IN the sitting room we are shown furniture of essentially simple lines and carefully conceived proportions in ash and oak veneer, finished with cellulose in silver and green. The settee is upholstered in green and beige repp, while the simple yet dignified curtain scheme in fawn velour, lays emphasis on the colour harmony.

THE bedroom scheme illustrates the use of Macassar ebony, perhaps almost at its best, and with its characteristic graining effects a more striking scheme. In



This modern sitting room achieves both comfort and colour charm.



And furniture in Macassar ebony prefers the restfulness of a neutral setting.

view of the rather unusual appearance of the wood the utmost care has been expended on its design; beautiful curves giving way to any intricacy of line. Each piece is essentially practical in its planning — a feature which is typical of all the better pieces made by the craftsmen of to-day.

Little colour has been introduced into the room, soft tones and neutral shades finding their sole relief in the colouring of the furniture and a green damask bedspread.

In the rugs on either side of the bed, too, these same shades are introduced, and their design cleverly imitates the lines and graining of the furniture.

And if these rooms do express rather the more advanced styles of to-day, who knows but perhaps they may not be the accepted mode of to-morrow?

Waring & Gillies.

When *it's* Nanny's Day Out

Mother often finds unsuspected difficulties when Nanny has her afternoon "off," and troubles are sure to crop up.

By MARJORY ROYCE



The dangerous bath hour.

YOU know, don't you, the moment when, about the beginning of the afternoon and evening when Nanny is out, when as yet you love and adore your own little bits of babies, there comes that nasty first jar which rouses those irritable feelings that may just be sleeping an inch underneath your calm exterior.

It generally comes about with Peter tripping over something or other, and hitting himself on the nose, or by Marigold stretching too eagerly after that bottle of red ink which your husband, Geoffrey, thought safe to leave on his writing table near the edge. The ink pours down on pale rug and clean fresh frock and your composure flies to the winds.

When packing the children into their pram they become the most tiresome little creatures! You are annoyed. It has given a lot of trouble, washing that face where so many tears poured down.

TIRESOME DELAYS.

OH, the child's futile stretching up to the basin on tip-toe, the idle paddling of hands in the water, hands that ought to be *quick*! What a time it takes! One really ought to get the perambulator out by quarter to three (Nanny always does). The leisurely inefficient drying with the towel, and that pause to play with something or other . . . It is hard to be patient with sweet Master Peter, who, when good and happy, wears as it were a little dove's cloak of beauty round him; it is hard to keep

steadily cheerful with Marigold, whose downy three-year-old bloom is never so apparent as on this afternoon, but who on these occasions can be a perfect imp.

Mother is so often impatient, alas!

"Of course, it is because Mummy has so little on her mind that she can keep cheery," you reason to yourself, as with a shrug and a sigh you hunt for your own gloves and cram down your own hat on your brow. "Nanny without preoccupations naturally does not feel all jangled and out of tune as I do. Nanny has not got to think of, for instance, this very afternoon—

Geoffrey: his business and that trouble with his head clerk.

Cook and the catering.

The difficulty of getting a fur coat out of my allowance this winter; and the problem of how to do without one—at all—at all.

"The request of tiresome Cousin Fanny as to whether she can come and stay and see these darling treasures . . . when one doesn't want her, and yet has no sort of excuse for putting her off. Good gracious, what *is* that sound of screaming from the nursery? Cannot one have a moment's peace to get ready for a walk?

ANOTHER CRISIS.

LEAVING that list of anxious cares and considerations which certainly do not trouble Nurse, you probably dash back to your offspring and find them tugging one at each end of a picture book that was left on the so-pretty-cretonned window seat . . . crying and screaming.

Which means a fresh administration of justice, more tear-stained faces, more fumbling with soap in the basin that is just too high for Peter to reach . . .

Dear, dear, and this was going to be an afternoon *honeycombed* through and through with the deep delight of the company of your two sweethearts!

It all grows better, however, more reasonable, more sunny, when at last the heavy pram, that has nowhere really to stand in your sophisticated but very narrow hall, is bumped down the steps by the parlour-maid and you are off to the Park.

Baby Marigold, sings and the fresh afternoon light falls on her chubby face, her sensible little angel mouth. Why, her coat is undone, and the wind is very cold. One must stop. A baby hand goes up.

"Mummy, I don't *like* it so tight."

And in any case the little snap is off. Nanny really might have seen to it.

CAN'T WE MEND MATTERS?

DON'T we mothers all know these afternoons, we big sisters, aunts, godmothers, too? The children, it is true, keep us constantly on the stretch. One cannot think of them romantically or dreamily; they are too urgent. They are chattering, fidgeting, heaving about in the pram, pulling restlessly at one another; grabbing at one another's toys and asking questions.

What is the solution? How is one to get through this one precious afternoon in the week, Nanny's Day Out, that gives one one's main chance of coming close for a stretch of hours to the little pigeon pair.

THE DANGEROUS BATH HOUR.

I THINK it is summed up, this impatience, this failure to be quite calm and kind, in one sentence. *We do not prepare for it.* We come to a different and hard afternoon straight from our grown-up life, straight from communication with grown-up people, from a grown-up world with its cares and problems. If we could only get a quiet hour, ensure that we really have it, put all else ruthlessly aside to take it, we ought to relax absolutely, turn our minds away from our pressing troubles and from the thought of all we have left undone.

Then when we went into the nursery, our inner calm would immediately communicate itself to the sensitive and receptive Prince Charming and his sister; and, above all, we should have enough store of good humour and sweet urbanity of temper to last out even through the bath hour, where the tired woman who wants her dinner (though she may not know it) is often positively unfair and unreasonable to a nymph or elf who is bathing peacefully and in gayest rapture.



By W. Teignmouth Shore

Some prefer coffee "black," others "white," but no matter how it is used, it must be freshly roasted and ground.

WHEN properly made, coffee is delicious. When improperly made, it is indelicious. (I invented this word, which is needed.) It is strange that it is not always good, because it is quite simple to brew first-class coffee. There are many special machines for coffee-making, some of which are excellent, but I am faithful to my old friend the percolator, either a tinny one or a ware, such as the admirable ones made by one of the well-known stores.

ROASTING AND MILLING.

THE secret of good coffee is to roast and grind yourself—your berries, I mean. To those who have not done this it may seem to be a bit of an undertaking, but really it is an easy job and the reward is great. Put a small quantity of the berries in a pan, which must be scrupulously clean; roast them over a slow fire, stirring and shaking them all the while until they are a beautiful, bright brown colour. They must not be black. **MUST NOT!** One black berry will make a whole brew bitter.

It greatly helps to the keeping of the full flavour in the beans if a little butter or salad oil is added at the beginning of the roast, just enough and not more than to coat each bean; by the time the roasting is completed the beans will be dry. Some put in a trifle of whipped white of egg, but the advantage is practically nil. Store the roasted beans in an air-tight tin and do not grind until immediately before the making.

A stout iron coffee-mill can be bought for about eight or nine shillings, and will last for years. It is one of the most profitable kitchen investments. Fill the cup-shaped container at top of the grinder and grind! Then, if you desire to reach as near to perfection as it is possible for a mortal "cooker" to do, pulverise the ground coffee with a pestle in a mortar until it is as smooth as fine flour.

Then, allowing two tablespoonfuls of the powder to each breakfastcupful of coffee to be made, put the coffee in the top half of the percolator and very slowly pour upon it very boiling water. I always first moisten the coffee with water, leaving it thus for half-a-minute or so, before filling up. Coffee thus made comes through clear as clear, not palatial. Of course, you know why some coffee is called palatial? Because it stands in its own grounds.

As for adding chicory, though many other wise people do so, I shout an emphatic "Nay!" It is an adulteration, nothing less.

THE MILKY WAY.

I KNOW it is an awful heresy to take your after-dinner coffee any other way than black. I am a heretic. *Café noir* is a fashion, followed by multitudes who dare not follow their own taste. Indeed, I go one worse than milk. A little cream, say I, and a little sugar. It is generally admitted that milk should be added at breakfast.

Also, what is known as "coffee and milk" is a favourite drink with many: being three parts milk to one part coffee. Note this: do not quite boil your milk, or anybody else's, because to do so not only destroys the flavour of the milk but also annihilates its nourishing qualities. Make it not quite boiling.

When coffee is made as above described, you have real good coffee. If it seems to you too much bother to roast, you can buy freshly roasted berries at many coffee shops. But grind it yourself you **MUST!**

TURKISH COFFEE.

THE far-famed and when rightly made very nice Turkish coffee must be brewed in a special pot. When the beans have been roasted, ground and mortarified as above prescribed, the powder should be sifted through a very fine sieve. Boil up the water in the special can, which has a narrow neck and a broad base; take it off the fire; add the powdered coffee, teaspoonful by spoonful, and then boil up three times. Put the pot into cold water for a minute, so as to send the grounds to the bottom.

Then—drink, ho! During the third boil add such soft sugar as you deem wise—most people make Turkish coffee too sweet. Other ways of making this coffee are practised upon a long-suffering public, but the results are usually very palatial.

Cold coffee is "all right in the summer time," and at dance and other suppers in the winter. Properly prepared it is most refreshing to the jaded dancer or picknicker. Here are the proportions: a pint of good hot coffee; half that amount of hot milk, mixed. Then add a quarter-pint of cream and sugar to taste—your own taste. Heat in a pan and mix thoroughly. Let it get very cold, and then make it colder still by icing it.

Give Baby the Best



Baby must have a food which closely resembles the natural milk. It must contain an ample proportion of Vitamin 'D' to make perfect bones and teeth.

Give 'Allenburys.' It is perfect in every way and you will soon notice little limbs grow round and hard—not fat and flabby.

Baby sleeps better. A sound foundation of health and a happy childhood are ensured.

'Allenburys'
The Progressive System
of Infant Feeding

MOTHERS! SEND FOR FREE BOOK



COUPON B
ALLEN & HANBURY LTD.,
37, Lombard Street, London, E.C.3

Mrs.

will be pleased to receive, free of charge, a copy of the 'Allenburys' book, 'Infant Feeding and Management,' and a 1-lb. sample of Food.

Her Baby's Age is



How Do I Look?

No need for this agonising question after the show if you use Papier Poudre. Just pass one leaf over your face in the dark—no need for mirror or puff—and rest secure in the knowledge of a perfect complexion.

Obtainable at all Chemists, Hair-dressers & Stores in Rachel, Rose (Naturelle), White and Sunburn tints at 4d., 8d. and 1/4 per book. Poppo Rouge Leaves in two shades, light or brunette, 6d. per book of 24 leaves.

**PAPIER
POUDRE**

Sole Manufacturers:—
PAPIER POUDRE LTD., 46, Baker Street, London, W.1

Regd. **DYMUTH** Trade Mark

KILLS MOTHS FOR SIXPENCE
OBTAINABLE from all CHEMISTS and HOUSEHOLD FURNISHERS

CHILDREN'S HOTELS.

Comfortable House for Babies and Children of one month to 10 years. Catered for by trained people. Holidays or long periods. Hayes House, Hayes End, Middlesex. Tel. Hayes 120

BINDERS for BRITANNIA

Readers who forward us their own copies (Nos. 1 to 18) together with a remittance for 3s., can have them bound and returned post free. Missing copies can be supplied at 6d. each. Complete bound volumes are obtainable at 12s. each, post free.

All orders should be addressed to
The Publisher,
BRITANNIA,
INVERESK HOUSE, STRAND, LONDON

The Married Woman Worker

An Indictment of Her Selfishness

By Ethel Mannin

Every married woman who works when it is not necessary for her to do so is keeping a man or an unmarried woman out of a job . . . she is guilty of definitely anti-social conduct.



Ethel Mannin (Mrs. Porteous) and her daughter Jean.

THE frivolity attaching to current discussions of the problem of the married woman worker is extraordinary. Scarcely a week goes by but the question is raised in some newspaper, or at some debate, Should married women work? and always the thing is reduced to immaterial ethical issues. That the problem is one of serious national economic importance simply does not seem to occur to anyone—the whole thing is reduced to the level of one of those silly discussions on homes-versus-careers lines. Mother-of-ten writes in from Walham Green to say “certainly not, woman’s place is in the home”; Modern Miss writes from Bloomsbury and indignantly demands why should a woman give up her job just because she happens to marry—the inference being that marriage is only a side-line, or inadvertent, as a sneeze: little Mrs. Newlywed writes from the suburbs to say that if she did not work as well as her husband they would not be able to afford to keep their one maid, or run their little car, or go to town for a dinner and theatre once a week; also she points out that a great many people would not be able to afford to marry in these days if the wife did not join in the bread-winning with her husband. Such a great spate of argument as to why married women should work—and all of it so utterly immaterial. For this is a problem in which national issues are involved—the whole essence and foundation of civilisation lies in the community’s welfare coming before that of the individual.

THE ANTI-SOCIAL WOMAN.

IF only these indignant “modern” women who insist on the modern married woman’s right to work would study a little social economy (real social economy, I mean—John Stuart Mill, Cunninghame Graham, Prince Kropotkin; they might very well begin with Kropotkin’s “Mutual Aid”; it took him twelve years to write it, and he scoured Europe and history for the material, but you can buy it for twelve pence), not the hysterical bleatings of the “feminists.”

The answer to the question as to whether or not married women should work is given in two very definite directions: it is supplied by the heavy unemployment roll, and by the problem of the future generation.

Any woman who does not have to fill a wage-earning post in order to support herself or someone else—such as a sick husband—yet who persists in doing so, regardless of that heavy unemployment roll, is guilty of definitely anti-social conduct. Early in 1919, with the demobilisation of the troops, there was a general comb-out of women workers from men’s jobs in order that the men might be reinstated in civil life.

The women who clung to those jobs which had been a war-time expedient were dubbed “limpets.” Some of them are still clinging, but very much more than that, the wave of patriotism which flooded women into commerce and industry during the war, and which swept them out to make room for the men again when the war was over, has abated; we no longer say harsh things about women keeping men out of jobs, or cutting the prices in the labour market; there is a vast rallying of women under the feminist flag—and it does not seem to occur to anyone that a very big contributing factor to the present terrific unemployment problem is the increase in the number of married women workers. *Every married woman who works when not driven to it by sheer economic necessity is keeping a man, or an unmarried woman, or a widow, out of a job.*

That is the elementary economics of it. There can be no such thing in a civilised community as the right to earn luxuries when thousands of men and women are debarred from the right to earn the necessities of life. Before the right to enjoy life comes the fundamental right to live, the right to a living wage. It is deplorable that there should be thousands of married women with wage-earning husbands working in shops and offices and factories for “pin money” or for the improvement of their social condition in life, when there are still more thousands of men and unmarried women and widows who are thereby debarred from earning the sheer necessities of life.

Obviously one concedes that even if every married woman worker who did not have of necessity to work were combed out, there would still be a large unemployment roll, for the vacancies left would be in-

sufficient to absorb the whole of that vast unemployment roll, but merely by the absorbing of a few thousands it would be very vitally contributing to the unemployment problem. Moreover, it would afford the unemployed the much-needed opportunity to become absorbed into a variety of industries and professions.

UNFAIR COMPETITION.

I HAVE not seen any statistics—which are in the end the most telling argument—in this country of the proportion of married women workers in commerce and industry but in some recently published statistics in America it was found that in one city 35 per cent. of the employees were married women living with their husbands, and that in taking a census of a group of business organisations an average of nearly half—43.4 per cent.—of the employees were found to be married women jointly wage-earning with their husbands.

This can only mean that one section of the community, the double wage earning section, enjoys a higher standard of living at the expense of the other.

It has been stated that to-day we have to face the fact that a satisfactory living cannot be found for everyone, and that for that neither man nor woman can be justly held responsible. That is true, but it is also true that women can, and by the intrusion of their married numbers into the labour market do, aggravate that grievous state of affairs. No one imagines for a moment that a commercial and industrial millennium would be achieved if they kept out of it, but their keeping out would make a great deal of readjustment, now impossible owing to intensive competition in all directions, possible.

EARNING A LIVING AT HOME.

THERE is also an aspect of the problem represented by the young

GOOD NEWS FOR THE OVER-STOUT

Send for My Free Book Which Tells you How You May Reduce Your Weight

I REDUCED MY OWN WEIGHT 36 POUNDS IN FIVE WEEKS

NO POISONOUS DRUGS, TIRESOME EXERCISE OR STARVATION DIET.

I have Shown over 25,000 Men and Women How to Successfully Rid Themselves of Burdensome Fat from Any Part of the Body. I will Gladly Help You if You will Write Me or Call at My Address Below.

I do not hesitate to tell you that I was once fat and looked ugly, and in my desperation I tried everything that I could learn about, that I thought might reduce my weight, but without success, until at last, when I was almost completely discouraged, I came upon a simple, safe, sane and sure method that reduced my weight 36 pounds in five weeks. This reduction brought my weight to normal, and although more than 3 years have passed since that time I have never regained the lost weight, and I feel well and happy.

I told several of my friends, who were too fat, of my discovery, and they reduced their weight to normal, with the same satisfactory results that I had. The method will reduce whatever part of the body, or of the face, neck or arms that was over-stout. This convinced me that I had really discovered a fat reducer of real merit, and to-day more than 25,000 men and women know of the benefits to be derived from the use of this method.

The method is extremely simple, and either sex will be able to get satisfactory results in a very short time; it does not interfere with one's daily occupation and is adapted to adults of any age.

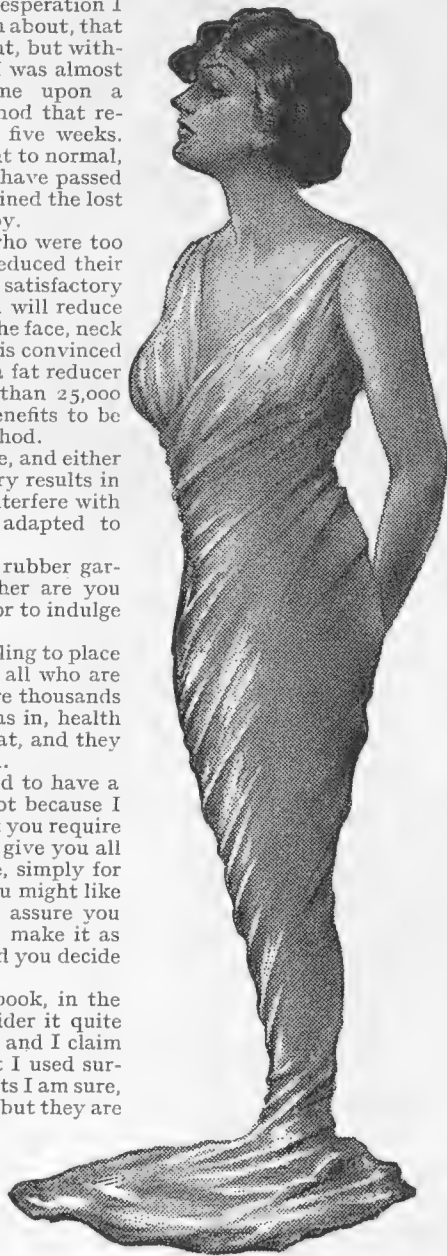
You are not required to wear rubber garments, nor any apparatus, neither are you asked to take poisonous drugs, nor to indulge in strenuous exercise.

This is the reason that I am willing to place this free book into the hands of all who are over-stout. I know that there are thousands to-day in the same rut that I was in, health being undermined by excessive fat, and they are discouraged and disheartened.

If it is possible I would be glad to have a personal interview with you; not because I feel that I cannot tell you all that you require by post, for I can and will gladly give you all the information that you require, simply for the asking; but I realize that you might like a personal chat with me, and I assure you that I shall do all that I can to make it as pleasant as possible for you should you decide to call upon me.

I have told my story in my book, in the simplest possible words. I consider it quite interesting as well as instructive, and I claim the method of fat reduction that I used surpassed by none. These statements I am sure, may not seem extremely modest, but they are facts.

Send 2d. to pay postage and the book will be sent to you by return post. Simply, address Winifred G. Hartland, Dept. 49, Diamond House, Hatton Garden, London, E.C.1, England.



NORLAND HOTELS—

A Rare Combination of Excellence and Economy

Norland Service comprises three real lesser hotels for gentlefolk, situated in the heart of London's social and shopping activities.

Over 200 rooms, with excellent accommodation, refined atmosphere, restful comfort, and a delightful fare of British food prepared by British cooks.

The inclusive terms range from 4 to 5 Gns. weekly.
Room and Breakfast 8/6 to 9/6 daily.

Illustrated Tariff will be mailed post free on application to

NORLAND HOTELS LTD.

GRANVILLE PLACE - - OXFORD STREET - - LONDON, W.1
Telegrams: "Entraining London." Telephones: Mayfair 1488, 3938, 3939, 3987.

THE MARRIED WOMAN WORKER—continued

people just leaving school. Every business man knows that an advertisement for a stenographer will bring in dozens—hundreds very often—of replies; these young people have been educated and trained for jobs; but jobs are at a premium, because it is becoming increasingly the custom for girls and young women who marry to keep on their jobs as a matter of course, with a view to supplementing their husbands' incomes, so that they can both have a better time—go to theatres more often, afford a little car, and so on. All this regardless of youth knocking at the doors and demanding its right to the jobs for which it has been trained.

I am aware that the modern retort to this by the young wives is the spirited one that they have no desire to be "kept" by their husbands. I am the last person in the world to advocate being "kept"—in the sense of that retort; but the wife who conscientiously runs her husband's home and rears his children is not being kept; she is earning her living as honourably as any other worker—a great deal more honourably than the married woman who keeps on her job unnecessarily after marriage.

I think a great many of us are bored with the suggestion that domesticity is an unworthy profession for a woman, and that there are "better" and "more interesting" professions. Why hammering a typewriter in somebody's office, taking down dictation, or adding up accounts, should be regarded as more interesting than running a charming home, and mothering at least one charming child, entirely, as they say nowadays, "defeats" me. It is high time our young women dropped this pose—or if it is not a pose, but what they genuinely believe, came to their senses and recovered their sense of values.

I am not, and do not propose, discussing the ethics of the thing sentimentally. I am not here concerned with ethics, but with economics; the welfare of the community is a much bigger thing than the welfare of the individual; "each for himself and the devil take the hindmost" is not civilisation, but barbarism.

THE FUTURE GENERATION.

A PART from the unemployment problem, the intensive competition, the overcrowding of the labour market, the lowering of wages, and the robbing of the rising generation of the jobs for which it has been trained, there is the problem of the future generation.

The children of to-day are the nation of to-morrow—and at the present rate of progress, with the continued influx of married women into the labour market, and the draining of the home of normal home-life, there won't be any

nation to-morrow—for the married woman whose work takes her out of the home has no time for children, and usually no interest in them. Those who have children callously turn them over to nurses—the mothers apparently imagining that they fulfil a more useful function in an office than in the nursery. The children grow up well or ill, happy or secretly unhappy, according to what the nurse, or the succession of nurses, are like.

Mother-love and home-life, it seems to me, is something that the generation now in its cradles won't know much about. I am not sentimentalising over this; I am speculating upon the nature of the rising generation; it is going to be a little hard, I think; certainly it is not going to feel that it owes anything to its mothers; its value to society is going to be debatable, it seems to me, for it will have grown up in an atmosphere of survival of the fittest, with the policy of grab as its "ideal," and no sense whatever of social economy—or of owing anything to that civilised society to which everyone who avails him or herself of its advantages, owes something.

TURNING DOWN A JOB.

A FEW years ago, when I had very little money, I received an offer to take up a post in an editorial office; the salary offered represented wealth to me at that time; I told myself feverishly that a good nurse would look after my baby as well as I could; the temptation was terrific—it seemed to me I would never have such an opportunity again. But when I thought of another woman bathing my baby and bringing her own personality to bear on her training—I knew I couldn't take that or any job which would take me out of the home. I turned it down. I never had a nurse—not even when I could afford it. I stayed home and brought up the baby myself, and did the work when the one servant that was all I could then afford failed.

I am quite frankly proud of this fact. I regard it as something to be proud of. In the same way that I regard it as something for any woman to be proud of when she can sew, and cook, and manage the spring-cleaning single-handed when need be. For these are the things that take brains.

Nearly every woman one meets nowadays has written a novel, is writing one, or is about to write one, but very few would know what to do if left alone for twenty-four hours with a baby. Our sense of life-values seems to have become hopelessly mixed and disproportionate. A little more literary birth-control, and a little less of the other kind, would be all to the good. Perhaps with the widening of feminine political power women may at last learn something of social economy and recover their lost sense of values.

For Rugs on Polished Floors

THERE is hardly a home to-day without its polished floor; whether it is the little entrance hall or the sitting room of the small country cottage . . . whether it is the modern conception of a seaside bungalow . . . whether it is a maisonette, an up-to-date flat or an entire house in town, there are very few occasions where, somewhere or other, we are not met with a floor of wood that has been stained and waxed, giving it a highly polished finish.

EVEN although we may not find the actual polished floor when we first take over our new home, to-day with all its advantages (that is to say of price and of effect, generally), of parquet flooring, there are few of us who fail to avail ourselves of those advantages. Even



Walls may be painted in some soft flower shade, as here, in pale delphinium blue: the woodwork ivory "picked out" in deep larkspur; floral cretonne curtains in restful vieux rose mingled with shades of green, and rugs, made slip proof, repeating the general colour notes.

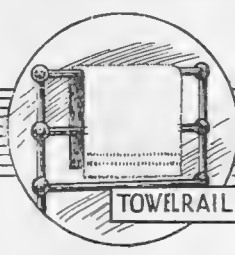
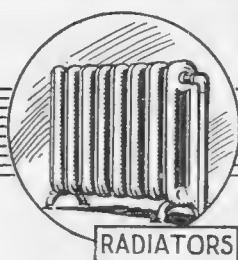
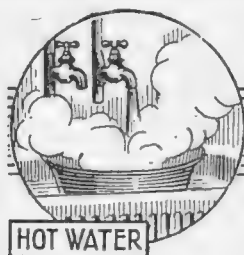
in cases where we may not wish to afford real parquet, what is the next thing we do? Usually, we contemplate parquet-lino-leum, which, we know, needs regular polishing if it is to be kept in good condition.

The great drawback, however, as a good many of us know to our cost, is the readiness for rugs to slip on those polished floor surfaces. In fact, every rug on a slippery floor should be regarded, definitely, as a danger post in the home; until . . .

That is what I want to tell you about.

There is an excellent net-like fabric, the small mesh of which is treated with a rubber-compound by means of special process which positively prevents any rug from slipping on the most highly polished surface. There is no need whatever to attach it to the rug; all that is necessary is just to lay it underneath; and you can rest assured that the rug will be as firm as a rock. Mind you, it lifts up quite easily for cleaning purposes. But it is practically impossible for it to slip.

THIS material is made in four widths and is sold by the yard, and in addition to being both washable and hygienic it will not collect dust, neither will it harm your most prized Persian favourite! It should be cut to the same size as the mat or rug under which it is to lie.



For the first time in nine years

NO BURST PIPES

Thanks to installing Glow-Worm Boiler.

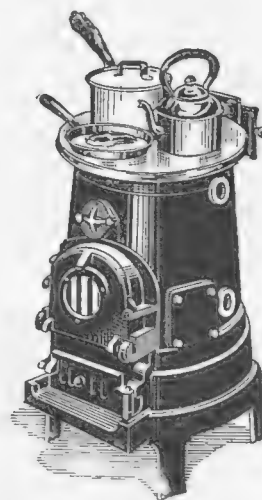
GLOW-WORM

COPY OF LETTER RECEIVED. ORIGINAL MAY BE INSPECTED.

"Every year for the last nine years I have had at least one burst pipe inside my house. In December 1927 I had four in one spell of frost. This last spell I have had only one, and that outside. This I attribute to the fact that in September I installed a Glow-Worm

Boiler. It has made all the difference in the world to the warmth and comfort of my house, and I can justly say that what I would probably have had to pay for repairing bursts and their resultant damage to ceilings, walls, etc., more than paid for my Glow-Worm."

Glow-Worm Boilers are exhibited at the Ideal Home Exhibition, Olympia, London (Feb. 26th to March 23rd). Meantime, you are invited to write for Illustrated Booklet to Dept. C.17. Working Models always on view at 5 Newman Street, W.1. Prices range from £6-10-0.



ANTHRACITE RADIATION, Ltd.

(Incorporating London Warming Co., Ltd., and Glow-Worm Boiler & Fire Co., Ltd.)

(Dept. C. 17) **5 Newman Street, Oxford Street, London, W.1**

Illustrations

by

FRANK OLDHAM

Unexpected things happened as the result of the vanity of a seller on a flag-day who tried to change a "five" into silver so that her collection might seem to have been obtained from a greater number of patrons.

"Well, it's time we were off, all of us." Someone moved toward the front door. Another crossed to the mirror over the fireplace. The group of women had dissolved.

Miss Patton watched the dissolving process. She was used to it. A party of people always broke up when she joined it.

It was something to do with her "manner"; she was too anxious to please. Yet, when she tried to moderate that manner of hers, she felt then

she was being dull and stuffy.

She sighed. It was very distressing not to have the gift of being "popular." She did so wish she could be popular with people.

Doris Harlough, who had not drifted away with the rest, saw the wistful gaze, caught the despairing sigh. Divided between a desire to cheer the drooping spirits of the other, and a fear of being entrapped in that effervescing amiability, she compromised by bestowing a specially friendly smile and saying, as she turned to go: "*Au revoir*, Miss Patton. And good luck to-day!"

Miss Patton looked round and gave an answering smile. The exuberance of which she checked, on sudden remembrance of her failing, to something more expressive of mere affability.

TO her amazed delight Miss Patton found that she was to have that morning a railway station "post."

Never had such good fortune been hers before! Usually she was relegated to the less frequented streets, or to the entrances to warehouses or works where everyone who came, of the charitable kind, had already made their purchase. Young Mrs. Harlough's kindly wish was bearing fruit!

Light-heartedly she marched along the sober, prim-looking streets of Bayswater, her tray of artificial daffodils proudly in front of her, collecting-box swinging gaily from her wrist. Before she reached her appointed "post" she had sold three daffodils already, at sixpence a time. A good omen, that!

Arrived at her railway-station she stopped and, with head drawn back in close, earnest survey, considered carefully where would be the most advantageous place to stand. The entrance side or the exit? In between the two would be best, of course, but there sat an ordinary "professional" flower-seller; and one mustn't hinder the poor woman in her trade. Still, if she stood, perhaps, just a little to the front of her and a little to the side—the entrance side, preferably—it should be all right, and perfectly fair.

She would make friends with the flower-woman right away. "Good morning, mother! What a glorious day! Good for business—for both of us, eh?"

Miss Patton's Popularity

By Leonard Rossiter

... Out came a pocket-book that appeared to her to be simply stuffed with notes. Choosing deliberately and carefully, the heaven-sent purchaser selected one—and a wild rush of feverish excitement surged through Miss Patton's slender body. No mere ten-shilling or a pound Treasury note was to be hers this magic morning, but a five! ...

THE little knot of women in the hall looked round at her as she came in. Looked, and with varying kinds of smiles, turned back to one another. Sybil Totley's smile spread to a full-sized grin. "Got up to kill as usual," she murmured. Nora Paisly, in that exaggeratedly slow and quiet voice of hers which had earned for her the nickname of "The Hotel's Haristocrat," drawled: "She'll certainly be the death of somebody one of these days."

The smiles became titters. But young Mrs. Harlough was brought to sympathetic utterance. "Poor dear," she whispered. And gave a tiny half-nod to the newcomer.

The "poor dear" saw the tiny half-nod, and clutched at it as a bird seizes a crumb thrown out upon the frozen ground around it. With quick eagerness she smiled and nodded back. With that quick eagerness which always marked her sociability. That quick eagerness which was just too quick, too eager, stifling and stultifying response with its urgency.

Impulsively, she sped across the tiny hotel hall. "Oh, good morning, Mrs. Harlough." The others called her Doris. But she was more friendly with the others. Why, Miss Patton couldn't tell.

"Good morning, Miss Patton. You're selling to-day, of course?"

"Oh, yes, of course! I never miss a chance of selling. It's great fun. And to-day's going to be a lovely day for it, isn't it! That makes such a difference —"

"The Hotel's Haristocrat" turned her smile upon the poor dear of a thing beside her, cutting in upon its quick eagerness with: "Do you really find the weather makes much difference, Miss Patton?"

The twinkling excitement of Miss Patton's chatter died away. The gibe had struck home—as Nora Paisly's gibes always did. It was common knowledge that the contents of Miss Patton's collection-box on flower-days varied but little in amount; they were ever too meagre to allow of much variation.

The flower-woman glanced up from her baskets. And sniffed. Who was this creature to come calling her "mother" indeed! Dama cheek of her—and her no further from forty than she! And "business," too. What the blinking 'ell did she think she was at, cramping an honest woman's style on a day like this! "Daffodil Day," was it? She'd give the thing "daffodils" if she didn't keep out of the light! Miss Patton saw that she was not "popular," even here. Instinctively, she withdrew from the unsympathetic atmosphere.

The station approach, it seemed to her so long accustomed on these occasions to the byways, teemed with people. Yet only a small proportion of them stopped to buy a daffodil, she noticed with dismay. She thrust out her tray, she rattled the scanty coins in her box, she piped out: "Won't you buy a daffodil! Please buy a daffodil!" She hopped to this side and that, determined not to miss a chance. Once, in her quick eagerness, she nearly fell over the "professional" flower-seller, to the latter's flowery remonstrance. But people passed her by, unseeing. Or, sadder still, they paused before her, and then seemed to change their minds.

Still, she wasn't doing so badly. If things went on just at the present rate it would be her record day. But oh! if she could only cap the takings of "The Hotel's Haristocrat"!

Then, as if in answer to her prayers, the miracle happened.

There was a lull. Coming toward her she spied a man, well set-up and of middle age, who, by his light, easy walk and swinging umbrella, looked "good" for quite a lot. Perhaps half-a-crown. Who knows, even for the "crisp, crackling" ten-shilling or pound note she'd so often read about! He came nearer. Yes, he was such a "soldier-and-a-gentlemanly" looking person!—he ought to be a catch!

She dashed forward to meet him, to get to him ere he thought of buying a genuine flower from that nasty disagreeable old woman. He stopped, straddled his legs across the pavement, swung his tight, trim umbrella to and fro between them, and gazed quizzingly, at the frantic importunity of this funny little flower-seller.

"What's this! Daffodils? What do I want with daffodils?"

Brisk and businesslike, Miss Patton was already attacking his buttonhole. "You must wear a daffy on a day like to-day!"

The stranger smiled. "Must I? Why?"

She patted his coat lapel. "To help the Fund, of course." She raised the pamphlet hanging from her tray toward him. "That's a thing you'd like to help, wouldn't you?"

He read aloud: "The Prison Entertainment Fund"; and threw back his head and yelled with laughter. "So it's a thing I'd like to help, you think! Do I look like an ex-convict, then? Or a will-be one?"

Miss Patton was at once covered with confusion. "Oh, no, I didn't mean that." She feared she had spoiled her prize customer after all. "What I meant was—well, you see, it's a good cause—and—what?" What had she meant? Why had she made such a stupid remark!

The "prize" customer appeared to be enjoying her obvious embarrassment. He stood and grinned at her, broadly. Then, suddenly, as if on a generous impulse, he thrust his hand—

Not in his trousers pocket! Round-eyed, Miss Patton watched his hand move toward the inside breast pocket of his jacket. Joy of joys! Could it be true? The "crisp and crackling" note was actually to be hers! Her heart beating wildly, she congratulated herself now on having made such a stupid remark—this was someone with a sense of humour and the joke had served to make him extra munificent.

Out came a pocket-book that appeared to her to be simply stuffed with notes. Choosing deliberately and carefully, the heaven-sent purchaser selected one—and a wild rush of feverish excitement surged through Miss Patton's slender body. No mere ten-shilling or a pound Treasury note was to be hers this magic morning;

but a fiver. The crispest and cracklingest five pound Bank of England note!

Her eager, trembling fingers could scarcely hold it. Groping desperately amid the tumult of her mind she sought for words adequate to her tremendous gratitude. But before she could find them her benefactor, still laughing at the fun of the affair, had raised his hat and strolled away. She stared, dumbly, after him as, chuckling and grinning back at her, he made his way through the station entrance up to the booking-office window.

WHEN at last he had disappeared from sight she turned again to the note within her hand. Five pounds! That would put her now above the hateful Haristocrat! Probably on top of everyone!

With hasty, fumbling fingers she folded the precious offering into a slim, neat packet so that it would slip through the slot of her box. And as she did so she dreamed of the triumph that was to be hers that evening at the hotel. How she would be able to crow! She, the unpopular Miss Patton, to have the largest collection of all! That would show that the weather—and the "stand" of course—made all the difference. Now, perhaps, she would become more popular.

There, it was in! She patted the enriched box with tenderness. Joyfully, she pictured to herself the scene when all the boxes would be opened and their contents counted.

Then, at the thought of that event, a sudden realisation came to disturb her high elation. The bulk of her grand total, she saw, would be represented by this one magnificent donation! What a pity! The fact would be known, of course, and would detract to a large extent from the glory of her achievement. The smallness of the balance of her takings would be pointed to, and the fiver dismissed, smilingly, as an unaccountable, freakish slice of luck. Somebody spiteful, indeed, Miss Paisly for instance, might even spread the suggestion that she had persuaded a rich relation to give the note to make her look "big" for once.

How much better it would have been if the sum had been spread out in small amounts! Why hadn't she thought of cashing the note

and putting the change into the box instead? There would have been nothing wrong in that. Always she was too quick and eager.

She wondered if she could contrive to get hold of it surreptitiously when the box was opened and substitute five pounds worth of change for it. Or get an official to do it and say nothing about it.

No, that wouldn't be possible, she knew. She gazed, forlornly, at the box; at the narrow little slot through which the note had just disappeared. Oh! if only she could get that piece of paper back somehow!

Something caught her eye. A portion of the wrapping on the bottom of the box was loose, its edge curling up. She was familiar with this type of collecting-box—that badly stuck-down strip of paper was the "sealing" slip; beneath it was the narrow sliding lid by means of which the box was opened!

Gingerly, half involuntarily, she plucked at that curling edge. A further quarter of an inch or so of the strip came away. She raised the box and examined the bottom of it more closely. With a little manipulating the whole of that sealing slip would come up; in the centre, where it adhered more firmly, the use of steam might be required. Then the box could be opened, and the note extracted to be changed into silver!

She thrust the box, together with its temptation, down away from her. Absurd! The most wild and rash idea!

But the notion, wild and rash as it was, persisted. Custom was slack at the moment, and there was nothing to occupy her thoughts. Nothing to take away from her that bad and bold suggestion. So that when three women, one after the other, swept past her outstretched tray only to stop and patronise her rival of the real flowers, resolution rushed suddenly, swiftly, down upon her.

She would do it! She would find one of those tea-shops composed of secluded little rooms for lovers where it was quiet and dark enough to carry out the deed! The whole thing could be done in a minute.

And on that impulse she stepped forward, quickly, eagerly, to the execution of her daring plan.



... Rough and harsh came the voice of the waitress as the screen was pulled away and she stepped out from behind it. At her side was a policeman! "I knew she was up to no good directly she came in!" ...

"THE Meadow Cottage Tea-rooms." That looked the very thing. Panting with excitement, Miss Patton tripped up the narrow staircase. Yes, there was the shadowy room with screened-off tables that she wanted! Going straight across to the corner table which seemed most hidden in gloom, she sank into a chair, put her tray on the chair beside her, and dropped the vital collecting-box into her lap.

"What can I get you?"

Miss Patton jumped at the so sudden appearance of the waitress who had followed on her heels. Instinctively, her hands flew to the box on her knees.

"Just a pot of tea, please. Oh, and a jug of hot water."

"Of course—we always give hot water with tea."

How silly! Naturally one was given hot water. She must explain. "Yes, but I want it particularly hot. Boiling."

Directly the girl had gone Miss Patton drew the screens more closely about her table, and began at once, with nervous haste, to unpeel the sealing strip. Every now and then she paused to listen if the waitress were returning. The carelessly pasted paper came away fairly easily. It was going to be simpler than she thought! Ah! that was as far as she dare go on that side.

A footstep. She let the box fall back into her lap, dropping her hands upon it to hide any signs of the stripping.

The girl put the tea-things down, and then began to finger the artificial daffodils in Miss Patton's tray.

"Pretty, aren't they?"

"Yes, very." For once Miss Patton was uncommunicative.

"Been busy?"

"Oh quite." Why wouldn't the girl leave her?

"I'd like to sell but I never get the time."

"It's very tiring, you know." There, that ought to be a hint! Miss Patton closed her eyes, wearily, and sighed.

"But you can't have been at it very long already!"

"No, but I'm not feeling very well to-day. That's why I came up here—to have a quiet little rest for a moment."

This time the girl took the hint, "I'm sorry," she said, and moved away.

Waiting until she could hear that the waitress had left the room, Miss Patton seized upon the box once more.

Now she turned her attention to the other side where the paper was manifestly loose. Tremblingly, she pulled at this as far as she could with safety. At last there remained only the difficult portion that required steaming. Almost upsetting it in her excitement, she drew the hot-water jug toward her. This was going to be a slow and tricky business. She must go cautiously! Into the steam she thrust the curling slip

At last the trick was done. The sealing slip hung, moist and limp, free from the box. The sliding "door" was pushed along. And the box, with gaping slot, was open!

OUT into her damp and shaking hand the copper and silver coins dropped. Miss Patton frowned anxiously at the rattle they made as they fell. She must be careful. Bother! the note itself would not come! It had become unfolded, and had stuck. She slipped her thin bony fingers into the slot. A good job they were so thin and bony. It wasn't so easy, this.

There! they were

wedged in now! But she had hold of the note however. Goodness, it was difficult! Oh dear! she had lost her grip again. No, she'd got it. Steady now! Gently does it.

Gently did not do it. Because gentleness was rudely swept away by ungentleness.

"There! What did I tell you!" Rough and harsh came the voice of the waitress as the screen was pulled away and she stepped out from behind it. At her side was a policeman. "I knew she was up to no good directly she came in. I spotted something fishy about her at once."

The policeman nodded, came forward, and drew back the table. Miss Patton gazed blankly up at him, speechless with fright and dismay. Her hands hung limply in her lap. In the one was the collecting-box, gaping mouthed, in the other were the coppers and the silver. Unresistingly, and still without a word, she surrendered box and money into the policeman's outstretched hands.

"Fairly caught, miss! I'm afraid I shall have to ask you to come along of me."

Miss Patton's heart now was beating at terrific speed; her mouth was dry, and her whole body trembled all over. She was being arrested! For stealing!

"But you don't understand . . . I wasn't taking it really . . . I meant to put it back . . ."

The officer of the law smiled, and cocked a humorous eyebrow. "I've heard that before, miss." He put a hand, coaxingly, on Miss Patton's shoulder.

Miss Patton drew back in utter terror. "No, it isn't what you think! Truly it isn't! I can explain—"

The policeman renewed his hold on her arm, and cut short her expostulations. "Better keep your explanations a bit. Because I must warn you, you know, that anything you say now can be used in evidence against you." He jerked his head toward the figure of the wildly thrilled waitress standing by. "And she's there listening, mind."

Next moment Miss Patton found herself pulled, tottering, to her feet. She gazed feebly about her. The room was whirling round and round; the floor was falling from under her. Drunkenly, she was led across to the door. There, the sight of the pavement at the bottom of the stairs caused her to hang back again in fresh alarm.

The policeman lowered his voice, to a not unkindly tone. "Pull yourself together, miss!

The station's only round the corner. Neither you nor I wants any fuss or bother, do we?"

Miss Patton tried, weakly, to pull her shaking, quaking body and soul together.

AT the station, when the charge was read over to her, all she could manage to say, out of the mazed bewilderment of her mind, was: "I wasn't stealing. I only wanted to change the five-pound note . . . to change it into money . . . so that—"

The police sergeant glanced up at her, from his writing as she paused; and at that swift, keen glance Miss Patton's tongue stopped working.

"Yes?"

She remained mute. What good going on with her explanation? They wouldn't believe her—they heard so many strange excuses offered. Much better to get Mr. Barvin to come and explain for her. They'd listen to a solicitor; and Mr. Barvin was a very good solicitor. He'd be able to convince them as she never would.

She asked if they would telephone for him.

And presently, in the bare police-station ante-room, she was unfolding her distressful story to him. At the end of which she burst at last into tears.

Mr. Barvin leaned across the table and patted her, comfortingly, on the shoulder. "Don't you worry. We'll put things right." He got up and began to pace the floor, murmuring to himself as he paced. "Pity I wasn't here before they made a charge. . . . It means going into court. . . . And, of course, there's the technical offence. Tampering with the Committee's property." He stopped to pat his client's shoulder again. "It'll be all right, though. Cheer up! . . . Oh, the folly of you vain young women!"

Mr. Barvin's presence, his reassurance, brought light into Miss Patton's soul once more. But, in that awakening light, dark corners of her misery hitherto unrealised were illumined for her. Until now the general darkness of her plight had obscured them.

For the first time she saw that there were consequences of her silly conduct from which she could not escape. She might be saved from prison, but there were eventualities scarcely less unpleasant and discomfiting. She was going to be laughed at! She would be a thing for derision! And her "unpopularity" would be greater than ever.

Later, when Mr. Barvin had arranged about her recognisances and she was walking back with him to her hotel, the dread of those inescapable consequences pressed heavily and wretchedly on her spirit.

SHE hurried through the hall, looking neither to right nor left. But, out of the corner of her eye, as she fled past the glass door of the lounge, she glimpsed three or four of the residents sitting about, reading, in there.

No sign here yet of excitement then!

News of the affair, apparently, had not reached the hotel. But it would soon, of course. The others would learn everything at the flower-day headquarters, and would come rushing back with the thrilling story! Miss Patton arrested from her collecting-box! What a piece of tattle!

And when the real truth of the matter came out to-morrow. . . . The sniggers and the guffaws! The biting, smarting gibes of Miss Paisly!

She tore on up to her room. Inside, she locked the door, took a couple of aspirins, and flung herself down on her bed.

Oh! how miserable she was! She wished



. . . . Mr. Barvin leaned across the table and patted her, comfortingly, on the shoulder. "Don't you worry. We'll put things right"

she might die. She began, indeed, to consider ways and means of dying. There was the rest of the bottle of aspirins she might take; or she could ring for some disinfectant; or there was the gas-ring down there in the grate—she wondered how many shillings she ought to put into the meter.

In such like terrible thoughts a half an hour had passed when a knock at the door came to startle her and bring her, palpitating, to her feet. "Who's that?"

"Somebody wants to see you in the manager's office, miss."

Who could it be? Not Mr. Barvin; he would have sent up his name. Not the police; she was free until ten o'clock to-morrow. Mr. Barvin had told her so. A reporter? Those nasty newspapers had got on to the scent already!

TORMENTED by impending shame and ignominy, she crept downstairs again. The office door was closed. She tapped on it, timidly, and went in.

Mr. Crundle, the manager, stood there; and his normally genial face was grave and stern—and reflected amazement, too, and curiosity. At his side was a tall, heavily built man in a rain-coat.

"I've just been hearing of your—er—trouble, Miss Patton. This gentleman here is a detective. He'd like to have a word or two with you about it." He paused. "Perhaps you'd like me to be present?" It was obvious that he wished to be.

"Oh no, thank you, Mr. Crundle. I'd rather you didn't." She'd no idea what might be coming to her now, but the less people in the hotel heard the better.

Reluctant and disappointed, Mr. Crundle withdrew. Miss Patton turned, wonderingly, and faced the big, ominous figure of the detective.

The latter stepped forward and put out his hand. In it she saw the fatal five-pound note. "I understand a man gave you this. What sort of man?"

Miss Patton described minutely the "soldier-and-a-gentlemanly" one who had been the cause of all her trouble.

Her interrogator grunted. "H'm! Grown a moustache and dyed his hair perhaps. Was he particularly affable? Had he what one calls a 'way' with him?"

"Oh yes, he certainly had that." Miss Patton, amid her nervousness, felt curious at the trend of the conversation.

The detective seemed satisfied. "It's 'Gushing Gussie' or I'll eat my hat! I said I knew his work. Yes, and he's a dog with the women. Always gets them to palm off his stuff for him!"

"What stuff?"

"Forgeries! Like this one!" And the fatal banknote was waved in her face.

Miss Patton thought she saw the reason for this visit. She started forward, anxious and apprehensive. "But you're not imagining that I'm palming stuff off for him! That I'm an accomplice of his!" In her new terror her voice was shrill and high. Then, remembering that the manager was outside, listening maybe, she lowered her voice to a whisper. "I'm not! Really I'm not!"

The detective smiled. "No need to tell me that," he said, softly. "For one thing you hadn't collected five pounds' worth of change for him in that time. There wasn't anything like that in the box. No, this must have been some little joke on his part. 'The Prison Entertainments



... Miss Patton started forward, anxious and apprehensive.
"But you're not imagining that I'm palming stuff off for him!
That I'm an accomplice of his!" ...

Fund,' see!"

Miss Patton did see. "Yes, he was amused at it. Very amused, indeed! He laughed all the way into the station. He hadn't stopped at the booking-office—"

"Did you catch where he booked for, by any chance?"

"No, I'm afraid I didn't."

"Can't be helped. Well, we know he's back in London now, at any rate."

"He took a return. I did hear that."

The detective pushed the note back into his pocket and snatched up his hat. "That's good enough. 'Gushing Gussie' will be laughing the other side of his face before many hours have passed. Good morning."

Outside the door, suspiciously close, the manager was standing. The detective called to him as he rushed by: "Much obliged. Got all I want to know now."

Mr. Crundle came back into the office, his face more grave and stern than ever. And more than ever filled with amazement and curiosity.

Miss Patton shot a swift glance at him. She saw he was going to address her. To ask more questions. To chide and remonstrate with her. Possibly to tell her to pack up and go. She felt she could stand no more. Tears of mental and physical exhaustion welled up in her eyes. She took to her heels and fled back to the privacy of her room.

SHE hardly slept that night. And when she entered the police-court next morning with Mr. Barvin her tired, troubled mind was a dull, confused blur; her senses racked to the point of numbness. Even the sight of Mr. Crundle and Miss Paisly in a corner at the back did not disturb her greatly.

What happened when her case came on she but dimly comprehended. Mr. Barvin got up and said something. Then another solicitor—or was it two? And the magistrate said something. Everyone seemed to mumble indistinctly—for which she felt vaguely grateful. She caught the words "foolish" and "vanity"

and "misguided"; and, through the fog of her brain, she grasped some remark about her "being the means of bringing a notorious criminal to book."

Suddenly Mr. Barvin was turning to her and saying "There now! that's over."

Over! Was that all? "Don't I have to go into the witness-box, Mr. Barvin?"

The tall, heavy detective of yesterday had come up behind Mr. Barvin. He smiled at her question. "Not to-day. But to-morrow I'll be wanting you to. Just to identify your five-pound friend. We nabbed him all right!"

For the moment, then, the worst was over. Or, was the worst yet to come? But there was still the hotel and all it contained to face now!

And the cold, gripping fear of that ordeal possessed her as she waited in the lobby of the police-court while Mr. Barvin was busy with formalities—mounted higher and higher within her bosom as she made her way back to where lay her doom.

At the entrance door of the hotel she paused, to gather her courage about her. Then, desperately, she went in.

THERE, in the hall, everything was as she had anticipated. The little knot of women gathered close in whispering confabulation. The sudden hush as she entered. The head of the Hotel's Haristocrat turning

toward her. All exactly as she had expected—

But, no! was it altogether so? That smile of Nora Paisly's. Could it be?

Then (wonder of wonders)—here was the Haristocrat coming, almost running, toward her!

"You poor dear!" Miss Patton found her hands seized in sympathetic, affectionate clasp.

And Sybil Totley, too! Busting forward also with obviously generous inclinations. "How could you! Surely you realise how exhausted Miss Patton must be after her very trying time."

For a moment Miss Patton gazed upon the two young women in wide-eyed wonderment. And upon the others assembled now behind them; all so plainly fired with a spirit of beneficence toward her.

Behind her the circle of women had closed again, with Nora Paisly as its centre.

"To think that for all these years," she was saying for the dozenth time, "that while she's been quietly living here, she's been the poor misguided dupe of a notorious criminal."

"I don't believe it!" Young Mrs. Harlough struck a solitary doubting note.

"I think my hearing is sound enough. And my intelligence," Miss Paisly drawled. "Didn't Mr. Crundle tell me that a detective was closeted with her yesterday for two hours or more! And if that weren't enough, didn't I, myself, hear in court just now that she'd been the means of bringing to book this forger man! Didn't the magistrate give her a lecture about her vanity and the foolishness of what she'd done!"

Nora Paisly had an inspiration. "I know!" she exclaimed delightedly. "I'll get her to sit with me at my table."

At once there was a general outcry.

"Oh come, Nora, don't monopolise her—"

But Miss Paisly had already slipped away to the manager's office.

When she had gone, Mr. Crundle continued to contemplate the notion that had occurred to him of asking Miss Patton to help him run a cabaret at the hotel.

END.



Many a good day's work has started with a good shave, and many, many good shaves have begun and ended with a Rolls Razor. You see, this razor has a hollow ground blade, just like the barber's razor, and it's *always* keen, for the Rolls Razor strops and hones itself.

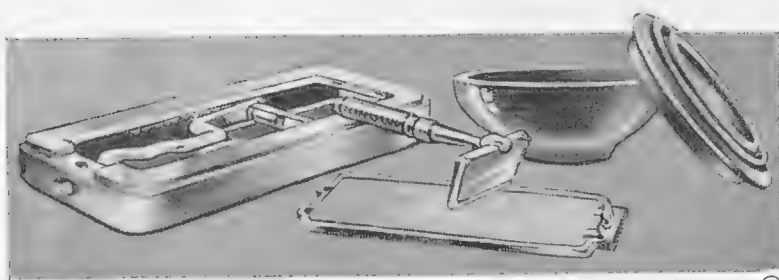
ROLLS RAZOR

HOLLOW GROUND—STROPS & HONES ITSELF

BRITISH THROUGH and THROUGH

Razor Sets 21/- and 27/6,
Soap Bowls 3/6, Refills 2/-.
Shaving Cream 1/3.

Manufactured by
Rolls Razor (1927) Ltd.,
Cricklewood, London, N.W.2.



Oxford or Cambridge?

In our issue of February 22nd a Cambridge undergraduate launched an attack on Oxford's "degeneracy." A graduate of Oxford replies to that charge in the following article, in which he maintains that, while Cambridge may produce the model citizen, Oxford produces the leader.

By R. Gresham Cooke

AN audacious Cambridge undergraduate "with a fair knowledge of Oxford life" has spent an idle half-hour in penning for *BRITANNIA* a few unworthy and capricious remarks about Oxford. Having myself graduated at Oxford, I am now spending a vital and interesting year at Cambridge which may put me in a position to enlighten him and the parents for whom he writes as to the merits of the two Universities.

SUPERIOR—IN NUMBERS.

THE pith of his article is Oxford's supposed post-war decline. But where is this decline? No one denies that in scholarship and intellect Oxford stands as high as ever; everyone admits the greater prestige of Oxford's dramatic, literary, journalistic, political and debating institutions. If, as I suppose, Oxford's imaginary fall from grace is deduced from athletics results, then I would point out that since the war, of all the events for which blues and half-blues are given, Cambridge has won seventy-four, Oxford sixty-one, while ten have been drawn—a difference quite accounted for by the numerical superiority of Cambridge of nearly three to two.

The indictment, however, against Oxford is this: that the comparative luxury and leisure which the Oxford man has always enjoyed are enervating post-war generations which have not the moral fibre to resist their emasculating influence. The argument is further elaborated by saying that Cambridge men prepare their own breakfasts and teas while Oxford men do not. In passing it may be remarked that the theory and practice of the culinary and domestic arts, however interesting in themselves, are not usually included in a modern university curriculum.

ENCOURAGING ORIGINALITY.

LEISURE there is at Oxford, and that is the secret of its success. Developed by the vivid intellectual life and given freedom to foster his particular flair, a man may encourage those original qualities which are likely to make him pre-eminent in the community he serves. The young scientist destined for great

achievement is not goaded to essay the less lasting glory of athletic prowess; nor is the aspiring littérateur dragooned to drown his inspiration in the splashes of an useless oar.

Luxury there may be, too; but it is fair to say the time that Cambridge men spend in the performance of their more homely duties is profitably used by their brothers at Oxford in improvement of mind and body.

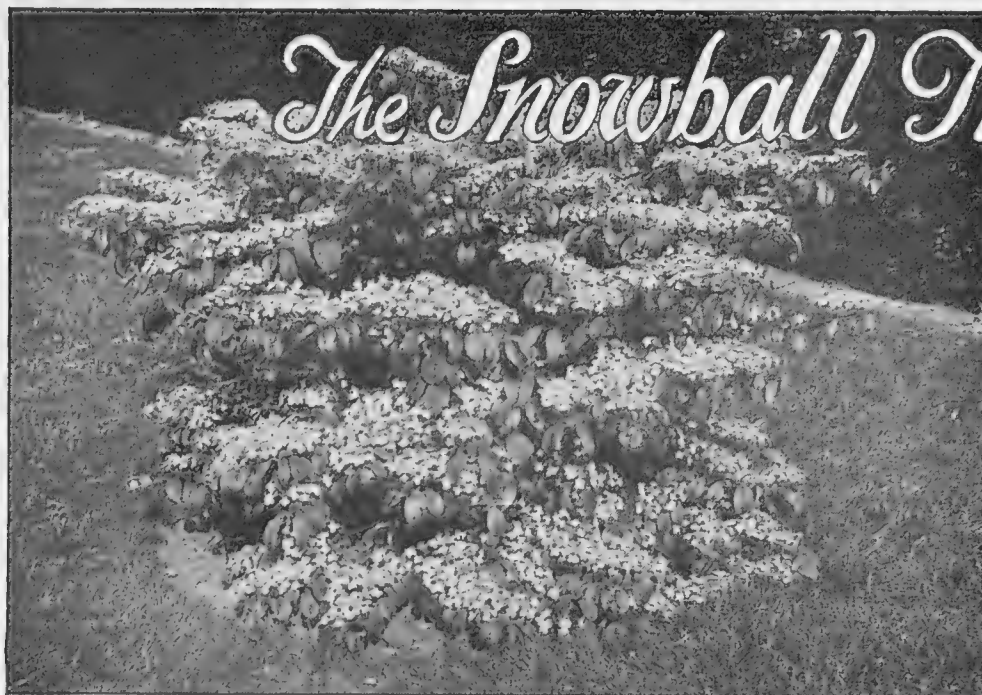
At Cambridge the time of the undergraduate is more controlled, the books he should read more methodically planned and the games he should play more specifically laid down. With his life organised for him, he will not make many mistakes; he will make an excellent citizen.

But the function of the university should be greater than that; a university should not merely be a sausage-machine of stereotyped culture but a brilliant microcosm of the outer world for which it must supply the leaders. The Oxford undergraduate may live dangerously and even mistakenly, but "danger is a good teacher and makes apt scholars"; with his individuality encouraged and his originality turned to account, he will be a leader of his time both in thought and achievement.

CITIZEN OR LEADER?

THE strength of any particular generation is chiefly to be judged by the great men it throws up. Post-war Oxford has from among its undergraduates produced in the world of science Mr. J. B. S. Haldane; of literature, Mr. Beverley Nichols; of poetry, Mr. Robert Graves, and of politics Mr. Robert Boothby and Mr. Hore-Belisha. In every science, art, and profession are young men from Oxford of energy and brilliance, determined to repair the damage and fill up the gaps resultant on the war, and resolved by their advantages to enrich their environment and ennoble their civilisation.

To deal, then, in generalisations which are often little more than plausible half-truths, one can affirm this: if you wish your son to be a model citizen send him to Cambridge; if you wish him to be a leader, send him to Oxford.

*Viburnum Gomentosum Mariesii.*

The Snowball Trees

By Marion Cran

The guelder rose, of which there are many varieties, is a beautiful plant which is justly popular in our gardens.

its moment of glory is in the first spell of autumn, when it shines with brilliant red fruit; one of the most amusing snowball trees to grow is *V. fragrans*, because it loves to keep its secret. One can never really count on the month in which it will unfold its pink and white flowers—sometimes snow white, sometimes rose-pink—but always deliciously fragrant.

They may open in October or on April Fools' Day; or they may choose Christmas and New Year to offer their lovely blessing. It is quite temperamental about when it means to flower, but very well worth growing because it is so lovely when it does open; *V. fragrans* is quite definitely a winter flowering shrub, deciduous, quite hardy, and fond of damp, heavy loam with full sun; in the autumn it catches the eye with its brilliant red oblong berries.

The name we give to our native guelder (*V. Lantana*) is the pretty name "Wayfaring Tree"; the leaves are dark, rich green, finely toothed, reminiscent of that beautiful Japanese variety *V. plicatum*, one of the most decorative of all the family, but not gifted with scent. The snowballs come rather like flattened rosettes than round balls; they start a dull green, turning slowly to cream and at last to dazzling white, and they grow all along the stiff horizontal branches in prim delightful rows. The moorhens love my *V. plicatum*, which grows, conveniently for them, near the larger pond.

All deciduous *Viburnums* should be transplanted in November and December; the evergreens in spring.

MOST of us know the guelder rose, tossing its white balls in the swinging breezes of cuckoo-time; we know its pretty green cut leaves, its sturdy shoots of young wood, and gleaming snowballs playing in the wind against the deep blue sky of an English spring; they make a picture which is part of England, part of the country lanes and the cottage gardens, part of this ancient, lovely land where it yet remains unspoiled by great bare new roads and thronging motor traffic.

Remembering the beauty of the old-fashioned snowball trees, their compact shrub habit of growth, the clear young foliage among which swing the glistening flowers and later the rich red beauty of the autumn foliage, I have sometimes wondered if the Roads Beautifying Association will ever bethink itself to plant some hundreds of snowball trees down one of the new arterial roads where there is a chalk subsoil to humour them.

THE HABITS OF VIBURNUMS.

THIS common form of snowball tree or guelder rose (*Viburnum opulus sterile*) is known quite well to most British gardeners, and widely grown; but few have yet investigated the other rarer forms and tried them in gardens; the different species are many, and vary widely in size and habit of growth. There is one guelder rose (*Viburnum opulus Var-nanum*) which hardly ever grows more than a foot and a half high, though few gardeners seem to know it; it is a dwarf snowball tree.

Then there is that interesting nearly evergreen kind called *Viburnum Macrocephalum*. This variety grows very slowly, but it becomes in time a fair-sized shrub; it has enormous snowballs, and most people think they are looking at a white hydrangea when they find the bush covered with the huge white globes in May and June. It has a long

period of bloom, I find; it seems as reluctant to give up blooming as it does to grow into a large sized bush. Some viburnums will grow in light sandy soil, but most of them prefer a deep rich loam and moisture.

AN AUTUMN SURPRISE.

ANOTHER very interesting and delightful guelder rose is *V. Davidii*, which likes to be planted under just the same conditions—it likes moisture and partial shade, and then it grows very prettily in an obstinate kind of spreading way, never more than two feet in height. People hardly take any notice of it in the summer when it bears rather dull, almost foolish, white flowers; but when they see it in the autumn jewelled with turquoise-blue berries they are very astonished and never dream that they are admiring the despised dull-flowered tree of June. It is a queer little evergreen, full of affections and longing; it gets homesick without some others of its kind near by, and bears a great many more of its lovely jewel-berries if it has spent the summer among a jocund company of relations.

The one snowball of all that no garden must be without is the deciduous *V. Carlesii*; it is the most beautiful thing imaginable. Early in spring, about March, it will unfold flat "snowballs" of waxen texture, which in the bud are flushed delicately pink; the opened flowers are white. These pure and lovely blossoms, looking so delicate that they seem as if they had strayed from a greenhouse, are not satisfied with beguiling our eyes—but they must needs gush out into the shrill spring air the most exotic intoxicating fragrance, and win our hearts as well.

The scent of *V. Carlesii* is more like the scent of gardenia than anything else I can think of. It is hardy if it can have full south sun, and a wall or fence to keep the north-east wind away. It grows without any protection, and needs no pruning; though a sharp eye should be kept on suckers, for it is often sold from nurseries grafted on to the coarse *V. Lantana* stock. It prefers a rather light loam so long as it is not too dry; but it is not fussy, for it grows adorably in my heavy Kentish clay.

A TEMPERAMENTAL TYPE.

ARATHER rare Japanese species is *V. dilatatum*; it has very long leaves, and flat, creamy flowers in early June, but

*Viburnum Gomentosum Plicatum.*

GARDENING.

FREE Catalogues. Send a Postcard to
KELWAY & SON, Langport,
The Hardy Plant Specialists

for one or more of the following catalogues, profusely illustrated, containing hints of how and when to plant.
HERBACEOUS COLOUR BORDER CATALOGUE, PAEONY CATALOGUE, DELPHINIUM CATALOGUE, GLADIOLUS CATALOGUE, ROSE AND FLOWERING SHRUB CATALOGUE.

Brighter Bridge

An effort to improve
the Average Player's
Game

By G. H. W. Ramsey

A WEEKLY Bridge Competition is now incorporated in BRITANNIA as a standard feature. The answers to the problems must reach this office not later than first post on Friday following publication. They should be addressed: BRITANNIA, Inveresk House, 346, Strand, London, W.C.2.

The decision of the Bridge Editor is final.

PROBLEM XI.

Bidding queries form the subject of this week's contest:

(i) South bids one club holding Spades—; Hearts K, Q, 10, x; Diamonds, Q, J, 10, x; Clubs, A, K, 10, x, x. West, No Bid; North, One Spade; East, No, Bid; South, Two Hearts; West, No Bid; North, Two No Trumps; East, No Bid. What should South say?

(ii) South deals and holds: Spades, A, K, Q, x, x, x; Hearts, A, K, x, x; Diamonds, A; Clubs, A, x. What should South call?

(iii) South deals and holds: Spades, J, 10, 9, 8, x, x, x; Hearts, x, x; Diamonds, A, x, x; Clubs, A. What should South call?

(iv) West deals and it is passed up to South, fourth-hand. He holds: Spades, Q, 10, x, x, x, x; Hearts, J, 9, x, x, x, x; Diamonds, A; Clubs—. What should he call?

(v) East deals and calls One Spade; South Double; West Redouble. North holds: Spades, 8, 7, 5, 4, 2; Hearts, A, 4, 3, 2; Diamonds, Q, 3, 2; Clubs, A, 7. What should North do?

(vi) East deals and bids three Spades; South, Double. What should West say holding: Spades—; Hearts, J, 10, x, x, x, x, x; Diamonds, A, J, 10, x, x; Clubs—?

(vii) West holds: Spades—; Hearts, A, K; Diamonds, A, K, Q, J, x, x, x, x; Clubs, A, K, Q. He bids One Diamond. A bidding duel ensues between West and South. Finally, South bids Six Spades, West Doubles and South redoubles. What should West do now?

PROBLEM VIII.

♠ 6, 5, 4, 2.
♥ J, 6, 5, 2.
♦ A, Q, 7.
♣ 8, 5.

♠ A, K, Q, 10, 9, 8, 3.	North	♠ J, 7
♥ —		♥ 7
♦ K, J, 2.	West	♦ 10, 9, 8, 4
♣ K, J, 10.	East	♣ 9, 7, 6, 4, 3, 2
	South	

♠ —
♥ A, K, Q, 10, 9, 8, 4, 3
♦ 6, 5, 3
♣ A, Q

The bidding:—

South.	West.	North.	East.
4 H	4 S	5 H	No
No	5 S	No	No
6 H	Dbl.	All pass.	

The orthodox method of play by South consists in elimination. Ruffing the first spade high, he eliminates hearts by a lead of the 10 to the Jack, and then trumps a Spade; a low Heart is taken by North and another Spade trumped high; the last low Heart taken by North and the last Spade trumped.

South then leads a low Diamond making Queen and Ace and throws the lead to West with the last Diamond. West, in with the King, has to lead (a) a Spade which will be trumped by North and allow South to discard his Club Queen or (b) a Club into the major tenace.

West, to obviate this, should, on the lead of the low Diamond, give up an honour which North will cover and win; on North's lead of the top card, he should give up the second Diamond honour, and thus allow East to gain the lead to put through a Club.

An alternative solution is for South to attempt a "squeeze play" after trumping the first Spade and ruffing a second, leading out six rounds of Hearts and then finessing the Diamonds. The second Spade ruff is necessary to remove the Jack from East, or else North could give up his top Spades and allow East to hold the lead when the throw-in with a Spade was attempted.

This solution will enable South to get his contract.

Both methods of play have been carefully adjudged and the awards made on the basis that either scheme of play was correct.

In point of fact, the elimination play was the method utilised in the actual solution to the problem as it reached my hands.

NEXT WEEK'S COMPETITION

In view of the great interest Contract has aroused throughout the country, I propose occasionally to publish a simple problem dealing with the new game. The great art of this game, it is well realised, lies in the bidding. The solution to the problem will contain information which will, I hope, be of assistance to players now testing the new game.

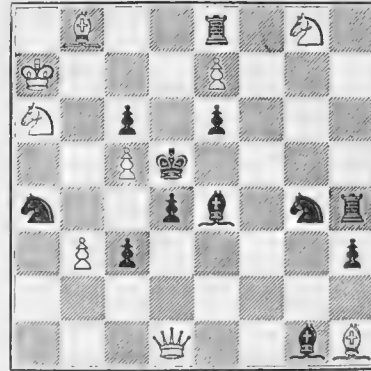
THE PRIZE-WINNERS

The prize-winners of Competition VIII are:—A. M. Stewart, Leven Private Hotel, Promenade, Leven; Mrs. D. M. Hockaday, 44a, Ebrington Street, Plymouth; D. A. Owen, 24, Alhambra Road, Southsea; Miss A. L. Rogers, Cuanbeg, Osborne Park, Bangor, Co. Down; Captain Kenneth Power, 13, Fitzwilliam Place, Dublin.

CHESS

By T. C. EVANS

Problem No. 12. By J. NIELD.



White to play and mate in two moves.

Solutions (postcards) should be addressed Chess Editor, BRITANNIA, Inveresk House, Strand, W.C.2, and they must arrive not later than Friday next. Due allowance will be made for overseas solvers.

Problem No. 10 (Easter). Key Q—K5 (threat Kt—R6). If P—B3 dis ch; 2 Q—K7! If P—B4 dis ch; 2 B—B7! If R—Q; 2 BxQ. The key allows Black to give two checks, both of which are followed by fine cross-check mates. There is a big "cast" for the "action of the play," and the dual after Q—Q5 is rather a disfigurement. Nevertheless, the problem is both clever and interesting, and there are some very near tries. Readers may enter our "Ladder" Tourney any time, and are reminded that twenty prizes of 12 months' free subscriptions of the BRITANNIA will be awarded quarterly.

End-Game No. 9 (Stamma): 8; 8; 7; 8; KtK5; 1p6; 2p5; 1r3R2. White play and win.

Solution to End-Game No. 8: 1 R—Q8, P—Kt8=Q; 2 R—Q1, QxR; 3 Kt—B2ch, BxKt Stalemate. The draw is very cleverly contrived, and involves the sacrifice of both the White pieces.

A Brilliant Ending.

Game No. 12. From the recent London Congress.

Queen's Pawn Opening.

White	Black	White	Black
W. Winter	J. A. J. Drewitt	W. Winter	J. A. J. Drewitt
1 P—Q4	P—Q4	15 BxKt	QxB
2 P—QB4	P—K3	16 Kt—K5(c)	Q—K3
3 Kt—KB3	Kt—KB3	17 B—R6	KR—K
4 B—Kt5	QKt—Q2	18 P—B4	P—B4
5 P—K3	B—K2	19 R—B3	B—KB
6 Kt—B3	O—O	20 R—Kt3	B—Kt2
7 R—B1	P—QKt3	21 BxB	KxB
8 PxP(a)	PxP	22 P—KR4	Q—Q3
9 B—Q3	B—Kt2	23 P—R5	R—K3
10 Q—K2	P—B4	24 K—B2	Q—R6
11 O—O	P—B5	25 R—KR1	QxBP
12 B—B5	Kt—K5	26 PxP	P—KR
13 B—B4	KtxKt	27 RxP(e)	KtR
14 PxKt	P—Kt3	28 Q—R5ch(f)	Resigns

(a) Closing up the diagonal against B—Kt2.
(b) The QB adopts the rôle of spectator from now onwards.

(c) By skilful play, White has secured a dominating position for his Kt.
(d) The Q goes adventuring, but she might well have stayed at home.

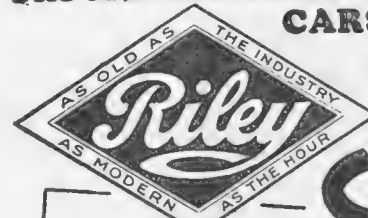
(e) A fine sacrifice. The outlook is distinctly unpleasant if Black doesn't "buy it."
(f) Delicious! Black can take his choice. If KxQ; 29 R—3 mate, or if K—Kt2; 29 Q—R7ch, and mate next move. A very warm Winter! Phew!

Problem No. 10: Correct Solution from Nos. 1, 3, 14, 17, 21, 22, 23, 25, 47, 48, 49, 51, 53, 54, 72, 83, 84, 85, 97, 112, 113, 124, 125, 126, 143, 162, 172, 173, 182, 184, 185, 186, 187, 201, 203, 216, 217, 226, 227, 229. Incorrect claims of "no solution" from Nos. 104, 145, 200. Many solvers fell by the wayside. Tries, BxP (either) defeated by R—Q4; QxBch by QxQ and then Kt interposes.

WAKEFIELD RECOMMENDATION SERIES No. 4.

Watch for your Car!

The Manufacturers of
**CARS USE and
RECOMMEND
exclusively**



WAKEFIELD

CASTROL
MOTOR OIL

RILEY (COVENTRY) LIMITED.

VR/MD Foleshill, Coventry

Messrs. C.C. Wakefield & Co. Ltd.,
Cheapside, London, E.C. 2.

January 2nd 1929.

Dear Sirs,

The year just ended has established the RILEY NINE high in the favour of discriminating motorists, and has justified still further its title of "The Wonder Car". Apart from this high reputation so made in the hands of motorists on the road, it has also given to Britain pre-eminence in the 9 h.p. class both on road and track.

Its main successes during 1928 include—
The winning of the 1100 c.c. class in the R.A.C. Tourist Trophy Road Race held in Ulster.
The winning of the 1100 c.c. class in the Essex 6 hours Endurance Race held at Brooklands.
The capture of 8 International Records at Brooklands from 5 Kilometres at 97.5 m.p.h. to 6 hours in which 511 miles were covered—a wonderful performance for a non supercharged engine.
The winning of 7 gold medals by private owners in the M.G.C. High Speed Reliability Trials held at Brooklands in which the leading private owner covered 64.5 miles in the hour on a standard 9 h.p. RILEY Monaco Saloon.
The winning of both the President's and M.A.C. Cups at the Shelsley Walsh Open Hill Climb.

We congratulate you upon the consistent quality of Wakefield Castrol oils supplied, and which needless to say are recommended by us to all owners of RILEY Cars.

Yours faithfully,
For RILEY (COVENTRY) LIMITED:

ENGINE and GEAR-BOX
Wakefield CASTROL
XL
REAR AXLE
Wakefield CASTROL
D

Managing Director.

C. C. WAKEFIELD & CO., LTD., All-British Firm, Wakefield House, Cheapside, LONDON, E.C.2.

Motoring Section

Standardisation in Car Design

British manufacturers seem slow in adopting any form of standardisation which would bring with it many benefits. Or do we, as a race, prefer individuality to uniformity?

By the Hon. Victor and Mrs. Bruce

STANDARDISATION spells uniformity—and uniformity, some people think, destroys individuality. We like to be just a little bit different from other people in everything, and especially in our cars. The fact that uniformity often means increased efficiency or saving of expense is a point that is indisputable, but it is too often ignored. British motorists are gradually being educated in the advantages of standardisation; and after all it is not difficult to give even the mass-produced motor car those little personal touches which single it out from the thousands of similar vehicles in use.

It is in the little things that we seem to be so slow in adopting measures of obvious advantage. The Society of Motor Manufacturers and Traders, for instance, has given official approval to a standardised arrangement of various car controls, but no effort appears to have been made by the individual members of that society to conform to the scheme.

CASES FOR UNIFORMITY.

WHILE the relative placing of the throttle and ignition levers on the steering wheel is a matter of little moment, instances constantly come under one's notice of the danger of haphazard arrangement of the pedals. Fortunately, those drivers who are constantly changing from one car to another are mostly experts, and realise that they must keep their attention focussed on the varying position in particular of accelerator and brake pedals, but every day amateurs of little experience are taking delivery of new vehicles, and in many cases it may not occur to them that long habit with their previous vehicles may cause them to step hard on the accelerator in mistake for the brake when an emergency arrives.

There are, no doubt, advocates of both arrangements—the central or the right-hand positioning of the accelerator, and, as a matter of fact, although the right hand position, advocated by the S.M.M.T., is unmistakably the better, it doesn't matter much which scheme is adopted so long as we secure uniformity. Is it too much to hope that in the preparation of their new season's cars (a matter which is even now under way, although we have as yet scarcely started the year 1929) designers will bear at least this one important point in mind?

BUMPER BAR HEIGHTS.

THE need for standardisation is rapidly becoming vital in regard to the height

from the ground at which bumper bars are fitted, also. To obtain the maximum benefit from these fittings, it is necessary that two cars coming into collision in the comparatively gentle way that quite frequently happens in heavy traffic, should meet bumper-to-bumper—obviously! Otherwise, practically the only value of this somewhat expensive accessory is to prevent damage from carelessly running too far into the motor house, or similar little accidents in which only the car itself is involved.



There is danger of a broken wrist if the handle is held as above when starting up the engine.



But if the handle is held only loosely with the thumb on the same side as the fingers there is no danger.

As things are, however, the lack of uniformity not only robs the bumper of a large part of its potential usefulness, but is apt to be a nuisance. His judgment of speed and distance in traffic may easily cause two differently placed bumpers to lock, and the task of freeing the two cars from their unwilling embrace is not an easy one at the best of times. Anyone who has had the mildest of breakdowns in the midst of derisively hooting bus and taxi drivers will appreciate that a prolonged delay is a thing to be avoided at all costs.

It is just a question, however, whether such a matter as this comes within the scope

of the trade society. It cannot control the fitting of accessories by the private owner, of course; but the inclusion of bumpers in the standard specification of the car is rapidly becoming more general, and an official word from the society might have the effect of bringing the point home to manufacturers. Otherwise, it is of sufficient importance to engage the attention of the police authorities.

FINDING OUT WEAKNESSES.

THE long spells of severe weather that we have experienced this winter have found out all sorts of unsuspected weaknesses, but the batteries have had the hardest time of all. Motorists, who never before deigned to use the starting handle, no doubt realise now how much unnecessary strain on the batteries is saved by giving a cold engine a few turns over by hand before attempting to use the electric starter; appreciate also the necessity for using a good brand and the right grade of oil, which does not gum up the pistons in exceptionally cold weather.

While it is not necessary, with an engine and batteries in good condition, actually to start by hand, by the time that one has dug the handle out of the tool kit it is just as well to save the accumulators altogether. But those comparatively few motorists who have never

before experienced the necessity should realise the fact that there is a right and a wrong way of starting by hand; and that the penalty of carelessness may be a broken wrist.

With the ordinary magneto ignition, it is usually necessary to give full advance to the spark lever, in spite of the possibility of a back fire. Consequently the handle should never be grasped firmly in the hand, since in this case, in the event of a back-fire, injury is almost certain. The thumb should be

placed on the same side of the handle as the fingers, so that it is really only loosely held in the palm of the hand. Sudden back pressure will then merely force the hand open, without doing any damage.

AIR-COOLED ENGINES.

TENTATIVE efforts to popularise air-cooling in this country have been made on quite a number of occasions in the history of motoring, and certain small cars have enjoyed a considerable vogue at different times—as witness the 8 h.p. Rover, the A.B.C. and the G.N. For one reason and another the manufacture of these vehicles



Motoring East of Suez. These 14-40 h.p. Sunbeams have been doing sterling work under trying conditions at Purulia, India.

is always discontinued after a while; in the case of the Rover it has gradually developed from an air-cooled Eight into a water-cooled Ten—an entirely different proposition in every respect.

But while we do not seem able to settle down to continued production, America and France have continued steadily to produce air-cooled cars of widely differing characteristics. And now a fresh effort is to be made to convert the British public to air-cooling, a British syndicate having acquired all rights in the French S.A.R.A. car.

Speaking at the luncheon at which the new project was inaugurated, Sir Alfred Mays-Smith, a past chairman of the Society of Motor Manufacturers and Traders, said that the private car formed only a very small part of the scope of air-cooling, and gave the impression that the syndicate, of which he is chairman, is looking rather to such vehicles as army tanks and all the "heavies," for that matter, right down to the commercial lorry, to bring financial success to the undertaking.

It is, of course, quite obvious that the possibilities of air-cooling for countries where either the climate renders the use of water-cooling practically impossible, or there is difficulty in regard to the water supply, are enormous; and now that an engine which it is claimed can be made in all the varied sizes necessary for this kind of work with equal efficiency has been developed, we may look for considerable development.

MOTOR FUEL FROM COAL.

ANOTHER development which has great possibilities, which has hung fire, and in regard to which a fresh effort is now being made, is the production of motor fuel from coal. Some years ago, as a result of an intensive campaign, benzol made its appearance in practical form for motor car purposes. For a while all went well, but insufficient production of the spirit resulted in both relatively high cost and sparsity of supply.

ation process of fuel production from coal has, in the meantime, been considerably developed, and at a recent demonstration it was proved that even for highly critical aviation work, the new fuel is perfectly satisfactory. It is to be hoped that the present enterprise will

In the meantime, there are many well-known and highly efficient engines which will not run at all satisfactorily on ordinary petrol, but need the addition either of about one-third pure benzol or a proportion of some other anti-pinking substance for best results. And, so far as benzol is concerned, this addition raises the cost of motoring by a quite appreciable degree.

The low temperature carbonisation



At a meet of the Old Surrey and Burstow Hounds. A fair Diana who enjoys both motoring in her six-cylinder Citroen and riding to hounds.

not be allowed to fizzle out in a repetition of past history, for, apart from the many advantages, from the purely motoring point of view, of this type of spirit, it is a matter of great national importance that no combination of circumstances should be able to deprive us of our fuel supply, or even materially to curtail it, in times of crisis. Wars, as we now know, are won and lost on petrol. But the point scarcely needs emphasising, and we all want cheaper, not dearer, petrol.

TRYING OUT THE STANDARD SIX.

Engine	Six cyls., 63.5 m.m. bore and 102 m.m. stroke; 1,930 c.c.; seven bearing crankshaft.
Tax	£15.
Cooling	Thermo-syphon, with impeller on fan shaft.
Lubrication ..	Pressure throughout.
Clutch	Single dry plate.
Gearbox	Four speeds, central control; 5.25, 8.35, 11.68 and 20 to 1.
Carburetter ..	Stromberg.
Ignition	Coil.
Electrical equipment	12-volt two unit.
Price	Exmouth saloon (sliding roof), £325.

THE principal impression gained as a result of a recent test of a six-cylinder Standard car was that the top speed performance is in every respect out of all proportion to the size of the engine. The latter is well under two litres' capacity, and liable to a tax of only £15, and yet it is possible, with a roomy and not unduly light body, to drive the car on top speed at a pace too low to register on the indicator, and yet to make a clean and rapid getaway without changing gear. By using the gears an almost startlingly sporting performance can be obtained; in fact, this 15 h.p. six-cylinder motor is undoubtedly the best engine that the Standard Company has ever produced.

In view of the quite remarkable performance of the car, and the fact that it is a commodious, well-equipped and fitted family vehicle, the price of the Exmouth saloon model, with sunshine sliding roof, is worthy of note, since at £325 this is one of the least expensive sixes on the market.

In every respect this Standard is just what a modern, refined vehicle should be. Steering is light, with exactly the right degree of caster action, the four-wheel, pedal-operated brakes are powerful and smooth, and the suspension is excellent. The Stromberg carburetter gives rapid and steadily progressive acceleration throughout the speed range of the engine, without the slightest hint of a "flat spot"—a point, by the way, for which this make of carburetter is justly noted—while the coil ignition does its part in permitting exceptionally steady slow running.

To sum up one's impressions, the Standard Six is a car concerning which it is a source of gratification to know that it is British.



The Standard Six has a top speed performance which is out of all proportion to the size of the engine, and is a model of what a refined car should be.

Sports Section

The Problem of Wimbledon

By F. Gordon Lowe

I UNDERSTAND that the result of the ballot for Wimbledon seats will not be announced until the end of this month. The extra delay this year is chiefly caused by the unprecedented demand for these precious seats, and because the staff at the All England Club, as elsewhere, has been depleted through illness. It is truly remarkable how applications to view Wimbledon, not only from England but from all over the world, continue to increase each year.

Our championships clearly remain the chief lawn tennis event of the season, and this in spite of the fact that England has few outstanding players to pit against the array of talent which yearly invades our shores. The secret of all this, as Tilden charmingly told us at the I.C. dinner last June, lies in the fact that there is a certain "atmosphere" about Wimbledon, with all its traditions, that no other championships in the world, his own included, have yet been able to attain. All standards at lawn tennis are judged by what is done at Wimbledon. It is the ambition and object of every player, no matter what his nationality, to play and do well at this most classic of all meetings.

A DIFFICULT PROBLEM.

THIS year a larger sum than ever—in 1928 it was £35,000—will probably be returned to applicants for seats; this must be a heart-breaking duty for the All England Club management. The question of increasing the size of the Stadium to meet this demand has often been raised, but no satisfactory solution of the difficulty has been found. Wimbledon is much the same as a theatre, and can only play to a certain capacity; the "House Full" notice is final.

Under existing conditions only a limited number of people—at the very most 20,000—can watch a lawn tennis match properly. Even from the back rows of the present centre court seats visibility is none too good.

Lawn tennis is essentially a game where the spectators must be in close touch with the players in order to appreciate it. All the charm is lost if every minute detail of a match cannot be followed. That is perhaps why many regretted the change over from the old ground in 1922, which, owing to its narrow confines, produced a more intimate "touch."

"NIL DESPERANDUM."

THOSE who are unlucky in the ballot need not altogether despair. During the greater part of the fortnight just as good matches are taking place on courts No. 1, 2 and 3. The final contests which are staged on the centre court are not necessarily the best by a long way, as instance the Cochet-Lacoste affair last year. One or other of the players is apt to be overplayed by the time this critical period is reached.

A LITTLE MANŒUVRE.

A STORY comes from the Riviera of some sound advice administered by Morpurgo to Mme. Serpieri, better known as Mme. Vlasto, before they played their "mixed" final at the Carlton at Cannes.

Their opponents happened to be. Aeschliman and Mrs. Covell, and Mme. Serpieri confessed to her partner before the game started that she found the tall Swiss champion most disconcerting at the net. Morpurgo, a shrewd judge, thereupon suggested that she should take a glance at Aeschliman first and then drive straight to where he was standing; he was certain to move away as she played her stroke! The advice apparently worked wonders and helped the Italian and his partner to score a bloodless victory with the loss of only four games!

This is a little tip which can often be used against volleyers who are never so happy playing a ball coming straight at them. They



Lawn tennis stars from America at Monte Carlo. Miss Morrill and Miss Virginia Rice.

prefer to lunge out to the left or right. Then again, most good volleyers—Borotra and Morpurgo both do, and Roper Barrett used to—leave a large gap at the net in the hope of tempting their opponents to play for this imaginary opening. In reality they are merely waiting to spring to this spot the moment the ball is hit. It is a habit with them. A drive, therefore, aimed at the volleyers' body will often what is termed "wrong foot" them and score the point.

DE STEFANI'S ADVANCE.

ITALY won the European Zone of the Davis Cup competition last year, and undoubtedly will start favourite this. She has, however, a pretty stiff draw, and in all probability will have to beat in sequence Ireland, Germany, Czecho-Slovakia, and then Denmark, before she can reach the final. Therefore Baron Morpurgo, the Italian captain, who is in such brilliant form himself just now, must be delighted at the good showing of his second string, De Stefani.

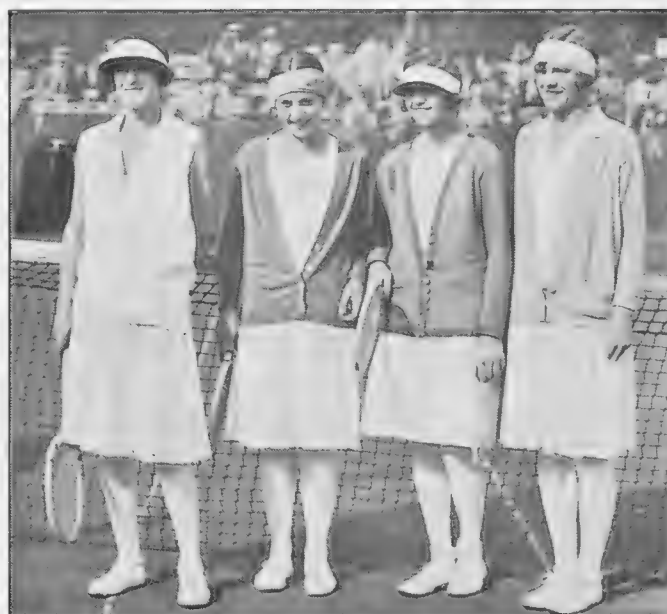
In the final at Beaulieu, after losing the first set, it took Morpurgo all his time to subdue his compatriot. Against Outa, a distinctly stiff proposition, De Stefani has twice been on the winning side during the Riviera season. He was primarily a baseliner last year, but is now developing an all-round game, and is one of the few ambidextrous players ever to reach first class rank.

OXFORD BLUES.

IT is satisfactory to hear that H. G. N. Cooper, the Oxford Lawn Tennis President, has brought about a reform at his University, and that three full Blues will be awarded in future as at Cambridge.



A Royal enthusiast, the King of Sweden, is not too old at 70 for lawn tennis. He is seen playing at Monte Carlo.



A notable quartet of ladies at Beaulieu-sur-Mer. Mrs. Satterthwaite, Fraülein C. Aussem, Miss Joan Fry and Miss Eileen Bennett

WEIGHED IN *By "Blackfriar"*

The surest guide to a horse's form are his performances on the course. Bearing this in mind our contributor discusses the chances of some candidates for the Lincoln Handicap and Grand National.

RACING-MEN are notoriously panicky folk. Once a stable begins to win a few races, all the horses emanating from that particular establishment are regarded as potential winners, with the result that they start at very much shorter prices than their previous form warrants.

The same idea seems to obtain in respect of horses coming from the Continent. A few years ago French, like Irish, form was considered about ten pounds behind ours. But the recent successes of French-bred horses in our important handicaps have led to a complete reversal of that view, and now any horse from across the Channel is regarded with suspicion by bookmakers and backers alike, who seem to sense another coup every time.

I am sure it is this fear that has had much to do with the praises of Songe that have been sung so persistently ever since the weights for the Lincolnshire Handicap made their appearance. Songe never ran in England until last October, when he had the distinction of "bleeding" Lord Michelham's colours on the English Turf in the Autumn Handicap at Newmarket. He made no show under a big weight, but as the race was won by his then stable companion, Saint Fortunat, and he ran unfancied himself, no reliance could be placed on his form there. But he did no better in each of his subsequent races.

THE Surer GUIDE.

OSWALD BELL is a most astute trainer and makes very few mistakes. If he is convinced Songe's chance is a good one we need not worry about what the form book reveals. But is he? Personally, I place little reliance on reports of what a horse is supposed to have done at home. A far surer guide is the racecourse.

The only thing we find favourable to Songe is that he stands as Bell's representative in preference to that very smart filly, Syntony, who was taken out at the acceptance stage. But even there we might go astray in our reasoning, for Syntony's owner, Sir Hugo Cunliffe-Owen, is still represented in the race by Songe's Newmarket conqueror, Saint Fortunat, who is now trained, however, by de Mestre. Actually, on much of his form, the latter is particularly well-handicapped.

In view of the many victories which Mr. S. B. Joel has gained in the spring handicaps of recent years it is only natural, I suppose, that Fohanaun should be one of the chief fancies in the market. Apart from which, of course, he stands revealed as one of the best handicap performers in the kingdom over distances up to a mile and a quarter. He is a great weight-carrier, too, so that he is not likely to be unduly distressed in having to shoulder top-weight at Lincoln.

AFTER THE DOUBLE AGAIN.

ALL the same, his owner may not be so keen to win on the Carholme as he might be for Fohanaun to bring off the City and Suburban and Victoria Cup double, which only his narrow defeat by Priory Park in the former event prevented last year. There is a distinct possibility, also, that Fohanaun will not be ready in time for the Lincoln



Maguelonne, a much fancied horse for the Grand National.

owing to lack of work, for Newmarket, of course, has suffered, like the rest of the training camps, from the long Arctic spell.

This hold-up of training operations is going to be a considerable factor in the decision of the first big race of the season—now only ten days ahead. Outside the hurdlers, few of the horses will be anything like fit and it may prove a wise policy to support a horse which thrives on a light preparation. One that will appeal to many on this score is little Guard's Parade.

Reginald Day has been able to give him a certain amount of work and those who have seen Sir Abe Bailey's only remaining horse in training in action have been impressed considerably, and there is little doubt that he will be one of the best from Newmarket. It is in his favour, too, that he has usually shown winning form in the spring. His only victory last season was gained in his first race and then he beat a high-class field.

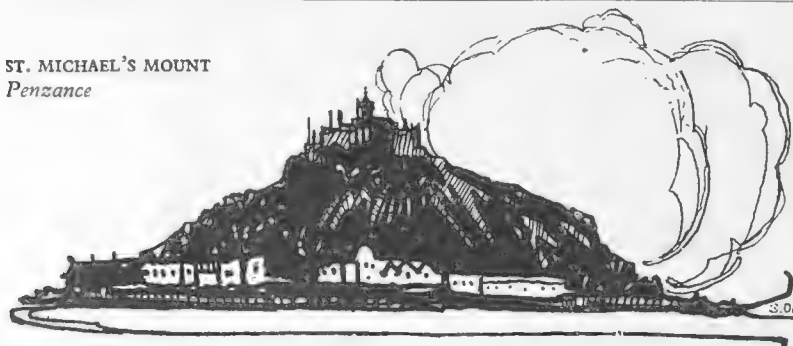
THE FIVE BEST.

THERE is a disposition to back Umslopagaas apparently, but although Mr. Stobart's four-year-old has only 7-stone to carry, and ran one or two good races last season, I have formed the opinion he is not any too reliable.

Although it is early yet to give any indication as to the winner, it is probable that it will be found among Scintillation, Caballero, Guard's Parade, Garnock, whom I still expect to see carry Sir Charles Hyde's colours instead of Baytown, and Tommy Atkins.

My chief Grand National hope remains Maguelonne. In spite of the existing prejudice against mares, she has a great chance of emulating Shannon Lass, who was the last of her sex to win the Aintree race 27 years ago.

ST. MICHAEL'S MOUNT
Penzance



THE CORNISH RIVIERA

THE wonderful coast scenery of romantic Cornwall, with its rugged rocks, delightful coves, and old-world villages, affords material for the type of holiday that no other travel experience can efface from the memory. Apart from its unsurpassed scenic attractions, the climate is remarkable for its mildness and equability both in Summer and Winter: the conditions at Easter are often ideal.

All seasons have their special attractions which serve to make Cornwall the most favoured county in Great Britain for holiday-making, touring, or residential purposes.

"THE CORNISH RIVIERA"

By S. P. B. MAIS

A beautifully illustrated travel book (price 2/6), also train service and fare information, can be obtained from the Superintendent of the Line, G.W.R., Paddington Station, London, W.2.

G.W.R., Paddington Station.

FELIX J. C. POLE, General Manager.

BRISTOL for FINE WINE!



Harvey's of Bristol (Founded 1796)

Shippers in six reigns of the world famous Sherries
HARVEY'S BRISTOL MILK and BRISTOL CREAM.
SPECIAL OFFER OF SAMPLE CASES.

SHERRY.

ANITA,
light brown, 60/- per doz.
MERIENDA,
pale dry . . . 68/- per doz.
SELECT SHOOTING,
full golden, 72/- per doz.
OLD STYLE NUTTY,
light golden, 72/- per doz.
BRISTOL MILK,
120/- per doz.
BRISTOL CREAM,
144/- per doz.

PORT.

WHITE CAP,
full tawny, 60/- per doz.
GREEN CAP,
fine tawny, 63/- per doz.
YELLOW CAP,
very tawny, 75/- per doz.
VSO-D. . . . 78/- per doz.
HUNTING . 84/- per doz.
fine old tawny
ROYAL TAWNY
114/- per doz.

★ A case containing one full-sized bottle of each forwarded carriage paid on receipt of 42/-

★ A case containing one full sized bottle of each forwarded carriage paid on receipt of 38/-.

Each sample case contains a fine Wine Corkscrew, free of charge.

JOHN HARVEY & SONS, Ltd., Bristol.

Wine Merchants to H.M. The King

Branches: PORTSMOUTH and KIDDERMINSTER.

Complete Illustrated Price List on application.

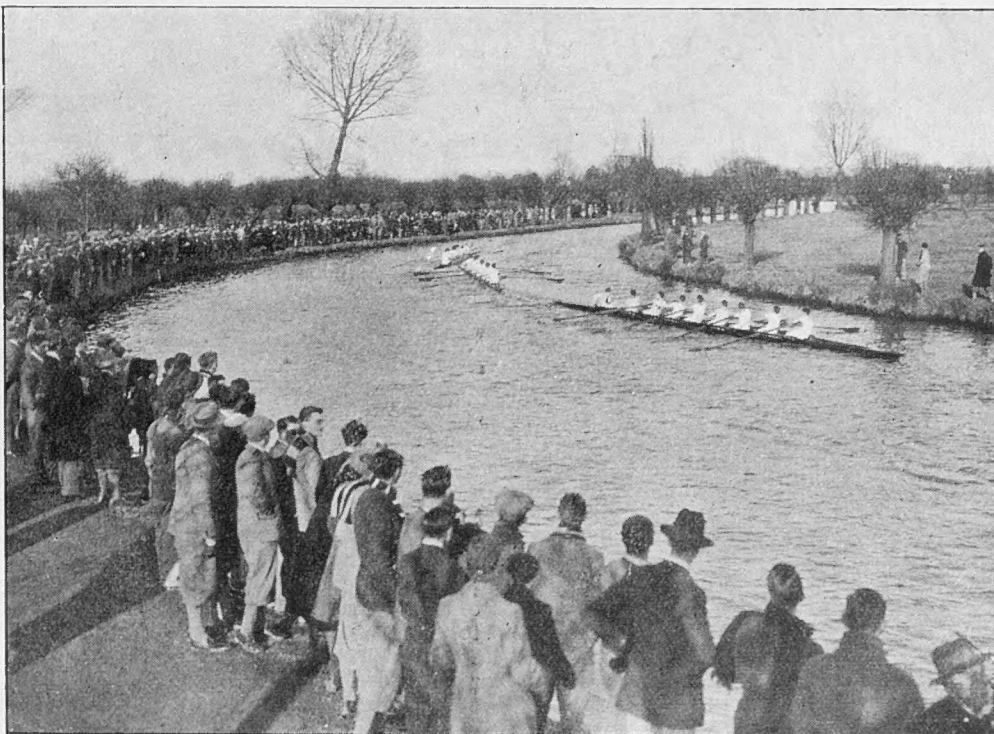
Streets

University and Other Sports: Rowing, Football and Lacrosse.



The sixth round of the F.A. Cup Competition resulted in the elimination of London's last two clubs interested in the event. Our picture shows a heading duel in the match in which Aston Villa beat the Arsenal by one goal to nil.

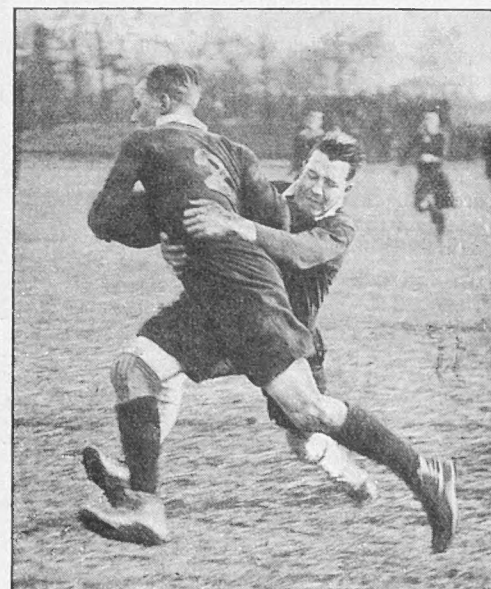
Middlesex sprang a surprise in the semi-final of the Rugby County Championship at Exeter, when they beat Devon by ten points to six. A converted try obtained by Wakefield in the last minute of the game gave the visitors entry to the final.



Lent Races at Cambridge. A bump being made at Grassy Corner. Tugs were requisitioned to break the ice on the river before the races could be held.



Cambridge ladies beat Oxford ladies in the inter-'Varsity lacrosse match which the light blues won by four goals to two. Our photograph shows Miss E. Houghton, daughter of the American Ambassador making a brilliant save for Oxford.



The Universities are already busy trying out new Rugby talent with a view to the 'Varsity match next winter. An Oxford player's strong tackle.

Finance & City Section

YOU and your MONEY

By A. G. Walsh

A CYNIC once remarked: "There are two classes of shareholders: those who take an intelligent interest in their companies and those who don't." Judging from my daily financial correspondence, a large number of the readers of BRITANNIA are by no means apathetic in that respect; but many have only a vague idea concerning the information they are entitled to demand in regard to their investments.

You hold ordinary shares in a certain company. I shall explain later on why I do not say preference shares. As a shareholder, you are entitled by law to receive an account each year of the company's affairs. And, at least, once in every year a meeting of shareholders must be called by the directors. Obviously, the purpose of these meetings is that all parties interested in the concern shall have an opportunity of discussing its affairs.

Shareholders are entitled to ask reasonable questions; but the directors cannot be compelled to give all the information demanded. The usual evasive answer is: "It would not be in the company's interest to give the information." In the case of a company engaged in a highly competitive industry this might well be so.

In my opinion it would be improper to divulge in public any trade secrets or delicate negotiations that may happen to be in progress. But I have known instances where information that the shareholders ought to have known has been refused for no satisfactory reason at all.

A COMPANY'S AFFAIRS.

THE management of a company is vested in a board of directors and a secretary. In most cases the directors have to qualify as shareholders, and they come up for re-election to the Board at intervals. The appointment is not a life one, although one might think so, when upon amalgamation with some other company the retiring directors claim heavy compensation for loss of office.

I return to the question of the company's affairs. A grievance with some shareholders is that they never hear anything concerning the company in the interval between the issue of the annual reports. Some companies, I may as well tell you, issue periodic progress reports; but the practice is far from general.

Myself, I do not see the necessity for a trading company issuing, every few months, progress reports. Of what benefit can these be? If a less satisfactory statement is issued during a spell of trade depression it might stampede shareholders out of their shares when there was no justification for selling out.

If a shareholder is really anxious regarding the affairs of any company in which he, or she, may be interested, no harm would be done in making an inquiry to the managing director or secretary. A shareholder, of course, has a right to know something *within reason* of the inner working of his company.

I have stated above that shareholders are entitled to receive an account each year of the company's affairs. It is not obligatory to send each shareholder a copy of the accounts, but it is the general practice to do so to holders of the ordinary and deferred shares.

Sometimes the preference shareholders receive copies; but they are not entitled to the information so long as their dividends are duly met. The law only requires a company to present accounts, so that it is enough to lay them on the table at the annual meeting.

GOVERNED BY RULES.

ALL joint-stock—that is, "limited"—companies are governed by certain rules known as the Articles of Association. The relations of the shareholders to each other and to the directors are governed by these articles, copies of which can always be obtained from the company's secretary in payment of a nominal fee.

Every investor who has a substantial holding in a company should make himself familiar with the Articles of Association. Each company has its own particular articles.

The calling of meetings is often governed by the articles, which also decide the voting powers. Quite apart from the articles, annual meetings must be held in accordance with the Companies Acts.

You may have had your curiosity aroused at some time or other by the terms "ordinary" and "extraordinary" meetings. The first explains itself; special meetings are "extraordinary," called sometimes to alter the constitution or capital, or for some unusual object.

YOUR SHAREHOLDINGS.

RECENTLY I had the question put to me: "Can a company disclose the extent of my holding of shares?" If it is a company registered in this country it is bound by law to file an annual return of its shareholders and the extent of their holdings. On payment of a fee of one shilling any person

may inspect the list at the secretary's office or at Somerset House, if the company is registered in England; and at Parliament Square, Edinburgh, in case of Scottish companies.

The official files, as they are called, contain much useful information, such as the number of shares originally allotted for cash or otherwise than for cash.

In passing, I may as well tell you that it is from these lists of shareholders that investors' names are obtained by the people

who send out prospectuses and by circularising outside brokers and financial touts. There are no means by which you, as a registered shareholder, can withhold your address from such prying eyes, unless you choose to have all communications sent to your bank. In that case your name, followed by the address of the bank, would appear on the register.

Next week I shall explain what a company may do and what it may not do.



Sir Henri Deterding, who, as one of the chiefs of the Royal Dutch-Shell group and director of over fifty oil companies, is interested in the Russian oil agreement.

CHARTERED COMPANY'S ROYALTIES.

WHEN commenting upon the accounts of the British South Africa (Chartered) Company last week, I emphasised that the benefits of the mineral royalties had yet

to accrue. I have now obtained details of the amounts payable to the company by way of royalty in connection with the copper deposits in Northern Rhodesia. When standard copper averages £60 per ton the royalty payable is £1 10s. a ton; with copper at £70 the royalty rises to £2 15s. and further to £3 5s. a ton with copper selling at £75.

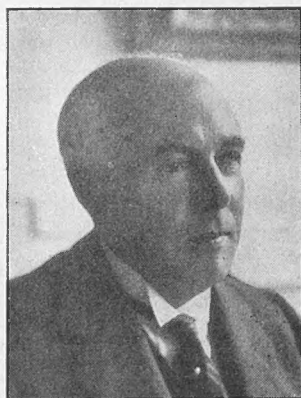
At the Chartered meeting last week, Sir Edmund Davis gave some indication of what the royalty revenue would mean to the company. It would receive £75,000 on an output of 50,000 tons of copper with the price at £60, but with standard copper at £70 it would receive as much as £137,500.

I gathered from his remarks that Sir Edmund was conservative in his estimate, since, in point of fact, three copper mines are being equipped to produce together about 100,000 tons per annum. It is also worth noting that the price of standard copper, at the moment of writing, is over £80.

Mining royalties are only one of many sources of the company's revenues, and the figures above serve to show the potentialities in one direction. You should note that it requires a little over £110,000 to pay an additional 2 per cent. dividend.

RHODESIAN ASBESTOS.

BEFORE passing from this subject, I just wish to observe that Sir Edmund Davis sees no reason why the dividend of Rhodesian and General Asbestos



Lord Ashfield, who, as chairman and managing director of the Underground Electric Railways Co., controls the "tube" and bus services of the metropolis.

Corporation for the financial year now ending should not be 30 per cent. This would compare with 25 per cent. last time. The full benefit of the new contracts, at higher prices, entered into a few months ago, and the larger production of asbestos, will be reflected in the profits of the coming year.

The current price of about £5 12s. 6d. for the £1 shares is not based upon a probable dividend of 30 per cent., but upon the earning possibilities of the next twelve months. I still consider that the shares are a promising holding for eventual appreciation, and people, who ought to know, predict that before two years are gone the shares may reach £8 apiece.

THE UNDERGROUND ACCOUNTS.

At the moment I am somewhat doubtful as to how the Underground Electric Railways, as the owner of the London General Omnibus Co., will be affected by the increase in petrol prices. I understand that an additional £200,000 per annum will be added to the L.G.O.C. petrol bill. I am not in a position to state whether fares will be raised; but I understand that nothing in that direction will be

SAFE AND SOUND.

The City Editor of BRITANNIA (Mr. A. G. Walsh) will personally reply to inquiries re investments and finance. His absolutely unbiased opinion will be given, free of charge, on the understanding that no legal or other liability is thereby incurred.

All correspondence, accompanied by a stamped addressed envelope, should be addressed to the City Editor, BRITANNIA, Inveresk House, Strand, London.

done until it is seen whether there is to be any reduction in motor taxation.

The Underground Electric Railways is not an operating company. Through holdings of ordinary and other shares it controls the various London "tubes," the omnibus and associated undertakings. Thus it controls practically the passenger transport services of inner London, besides serving the outer urban districts.

The surplus revenues of the constituent companies go into a common fund, which last year totalled £1,173,187, the highest figure yet shown. After certain allocations and the dividend of 7 per cent. on Underground £1 ordinary shares the surplus carried forward is £262,504, a figure which, you will note, exceeds the probable extra cost of petrol to the omnibus undertaking.

I am not in the least pessimistic regarding the rise in petrol charges. I believe that the group

is capable of counteracting its effect upon earnings. My advice to holders of the shares at higher prices is not to be frightened out of their holdings, but to buy more on any fresh decline in the price.

THE PRICE OF PETROL.

COINCIDENT with the announcement of the agreement between the big oil interests and the Soviet "oil syndicate" came the news of an increase of 2½d. per gallon in the price of petrol. It would be premature to suggest that there was any connection between the two. In 1928 petrol was cheaper than ever it had been. In view of the enormous expansion in the consumption of that necessary article since the war it is remarkable that the price should be cheaper than it was in 1914, when it was 1s. 7d. a gallon in cans.

What determines the price of petrol? It is not the demand, but the available supply of crude oil. Nobody can predict, even from month to month, the quantity of crude oil production. It alters so unexpectedly. Prices of crude fluctuate according to the available quantity of oil and the price of petrol must move accordingly to keep level with the costs of its raw material.

A mistaken impression exists that oil prices are determined by the conditions of supply and demand. But the trouble is that these conditions are so complicated. Mr. E. H. Davenport, who has made a special study of oil problems, has just set out his views in a pamphlet. He points out that about 80 per cent. of the petrol trade in this country is in the hands of three large groups.

ALTHOUGH competing strenuously the three groups sell at the same prices. This arrangement has tended to stabilise, at the lowest economic level, the price in this country. The basis of British prices is the price of American petrol at Gulf ports, plus shipping charges and distribution costs. Thus British prices must follow American prices. Yet fluctuations here have tended to be less extreme than those in America.

Mr. Davenport expresses the view that the price of petrol cannot remain indefinitely at such a low level as that prevailing to-day. (His remark was made before the present rise in price.) His reason is that while the other by-products of oil, particularly fuel oil, remain low in price, petrol will have to bear the burden of the deficiency on the sales of fuel oil.

This argument appears to be sound, for the total receipts from all oil products must somehow cover the total costs of producing, refining and marketing the crude oil.

BRITANNIA CROSSWORDS.

Announcements of the results of BRITANNIA Crosswords Nos. 10 and 11, will be made next week.

Don't have to work to the end of your days !



Begin now to qualify for £400 A YEAR FOR LIFE — FROM AGE 55

Other men are doing it, why not you? Think what it will mean! At 55 years of age, a private income of £400 a year for the rest of your life. You will be able to take things more easily, or even retire and enjoy to the full your well-earned leisure. How much better such a prospect than working until the end of your days!

The way to such an income is easy. It has been made easy for you by the Sun Life of Canada, the great Annuity Company with Government-Supervised Assets exceeding £100,000,000. This is the Company which, in co-operation with employers, is responsible for protecting thousands of men and women under its Group Life and Pension Policies. It has now devised a plan of Investment-Insurance which enables you to share in its own wonderful prosperity. It is a plan, moreover, that safeguards the future of your dependants.

Here, briefly, are the details:

£400 A YEAR FOR LIFE.

Your own later years of life are assured of comfort. No worry about investments; no anxiety about income. £400 a year will be paid to you as long as you live. Or, if you prefer it, you can have £4,800 cash, instead of the life pension.

INCOME TAX SAVED.

Every year you will receive a substantial rebate of Income Tax, a saving you can only secure by this kind of investment.

£32 A MONTH IF INCAPACITATED.

If totally and permanently incapacitated, through either illness or accident, you cease making deposits and the Company pays you £32 a month until your pension becomes due.

(This is applicable only to residents of British Isles, Canada, and United States.)

£3,200 FOR YOUR FAMILY.

In event of your death, even after making only one deposit, £3,200 will be paid to your family. If fatal accident, then £6,400 plus the profits will be paid.

SMALLER AND LARGER INCOMES.

If you cannot spare the necessary annual deposits for figure quoted, smaller incomes can be secured equally advantageously. If you can spare more, a larger income can be yours. The plan applies to any age and any amount, even to a policy of only £100; deposits vary accordingly. The example here given assumes a present age of 35 and a continuation of present rate of bonus.

FOR FULL PARTICULARS, SENT WITHOUT ANY OBLIGATION TO YOU, FILL IN THIS FORM AND POST TO-DAY.

To J. F. JUNKIN (Manager),

SUN LIFE ASSURANCE CO. OF CANADA,

152, Sun of Canada House, Cockspur St., Trafalgar Sq., London, S.W.1.

Assuming I can save and deposit £.....per..... please send me—without obligation on my part—full particulars of your endowment plan showing what income or cash sum will be available for me.

Name
(Mr., Mrs., or Miss)

Address

Occupation

(Exact Date of Birth) BRITANNIA 8.3.29.

FINANCE AND CITY SECTION--(continued).

Where the Railway £ Goes

How Capital and Labour Divide the Revenue.

DEPRESSION in the heavy and textile industries, the coal situation and the effects of road transport competition are what the railways are up against. Those were the chief causes of the serious decline in earnings during the last two years. I do not think that I am wrong in suggesting that the railways are working, at present, under conditions which are abnormal, and which are capable of improvement.

The industrial depression affects the railways in many ways. The loss of spending power, which is the inevitable consequence of unemployment, means a decrease in the number of passengers carried in the industrial districts.

These are simple facts; but I merely mention them because some stockholders still believe that the loss of traffic is due to some reactionary policy of the managements and excessive rates. Railway earnings generally fluctuate according to the state of trade. Indeed, it used to be said that the best index to any country's prosperity was the earnings of its main line railways. That saying holds good here to-day.

ECONOMY v. EFFICIENCY.

THE railways have to make the best of the situation. And they are doing so. Already some far-reaching economies in operation have been achieved and further substantial savings in expenditure may be expected this year. The incidence of railway expenditure in relation to receipts is extraordinarily varied. It would be impracticable to bring down the economy axe, and at one swoop, to cut down costs here and there.

Efficiency has to be considered. So the progress of reducing operating costs necessarily must be slow, otherwise the efficient working of the railways might be impaired. Train services cannot be cut down wholesale, nor can the annual outlay on maintenance and renewals be reduced below a certain point. To do so would be false economy.

For railway stockholders the principal event of the past year was, of course, the inauguration of an economy campaign. They have good reason to be satisfied, since the savings effected offset a good portion of the traffic losses. Much of the saving represents the fruition of the improvements which have been in hand for several years.

The main and heavy item of railway expenditure is the cost of running trains (inclusive of wages) and maintenance of rolling stock and track. I do not propose to analyse the accounts of the four big groups. Those of the London Midland and Scottish, which owns the largest system, will suffice for my purpose.

Under the above head, the L.M.S. last year saved nearly 1½ millions, that particular outlay being reduced to 35½ millions. In other directions, expenditure has been reduced more or less correspondingly with the diminution of receipts.

BOOM NOT IMMENSE.

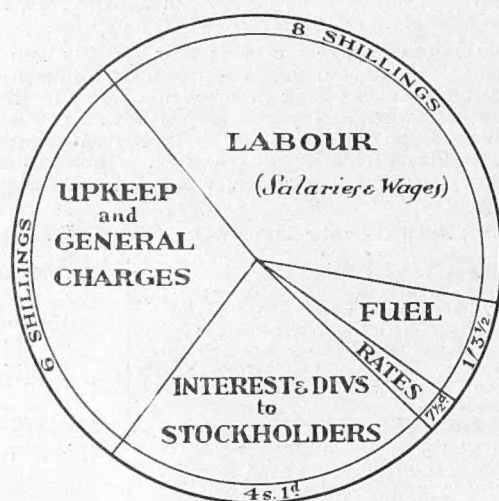
FROM a close comparison with former years' expenditure, the reductions effected do not appear to me to be such an immense boon as most people imagine. The real test is the application of the ratio of expenditure to receipts.

In none of the various abstracts of expenditure can I find a reduction of as much as one per cent. of the ratio to receipts. Actually, in the case of the L.M.S., the percentage of expenditure to total receipts last year was 79.80 as against 78.98 in 1927.

Not much sign of saving there, you will say. Yet the accounts in detail show clearly that economies have been practised. But the

trouble is that the real benefit of these has been lost through the decline in earnings. I doubt much whether the position will be seen in its proper perspective until earnings are on the upgrade, and the railways are working under more normal conditions.

A. G. WALSH.



L.M.S. operating costs:—

Wages	£29,741,448
Maintenance, etc. .. .	22,117,370
Interest and dividends .. .	16,170,534
Fuel	4,743,324
Rates	2,343,295

Out of each £1 of railway receipts:—

Labour took	8s. od.
Maintenance took	6s. od.
Interest and dividends took .. .	4s. 1d.
Fuel took	1s. 3 1/2 d.
Rates took	7 1/2 d.

Last year the railway receipts and ancillary earnings of the London, Midland and Scottish Railway were absorbed as follows:—

Labour (wages) took	20 1/2 weeks' receipts
Maintenance, etc., took	15 1/2 weeks' receipts
Fuel took	3 1/2 weeks' receipts
Rates took	1 1/2 weeks' receipts

THE STOCKHOLDERS REPRESENTING £412,276,700 OF CAPITAL HAD TO BE CONTENT WITH A PROPORTION EQUIVALENT TO 11 1/4 WEEKS' GROSS EARNINGS.

Invest Your Savings Wisely

and secure **5%** interest

FREE OF INCOME TAX

With perfect security, facilities for easy withdrawals, free from expenses of Stamp Duty or Commission, and **without depreciation.**

THE

Reliance PERMANENT BUILDING SOCIETY

(ESTABLISHED 1862)

Has always afforded these advantages, and any sum from £1 to £1,000 may be invested.

Send this Coupon for particulars.

To THE SECRETARY,
RELIANCE BUILDING SOCIETY,
25 & 26, PERCY ST., LONDON, W.1.

Please send your free Booklet, dealing with investments in the Society, to:

Name

Address

B

7%

nett and ABSOLUTE SECURITY.

The First Mortgage Co-operative Investment Trust offers to small investors an unequalled opportunity to obtain a high rate of interest with absolute security.

The funds of this Trust are invested in First Mortgages secured on income-producing properties and in Bonds and Debentures based on similar security.

The Trust issues to investors Ordinary Shares of 2s. each upon which dividends of at least 7% will be paid.

Preference Shares of £5 each are also issued, and these are withdrawable on one month's notice. Interest at the rate of 5% is paid on shares held for less than six months, and 5 1/2% when held for longer periods.

The accounts of the Trust are under the supervision of an auditor appointed by His Majesty's Treasury.

DIVIDENDS ARE PAID FREE OF INCOME TAX, NO DEDUCTION WHATSOEVER BEING MADE.

This Trust was formed for the benefit of small investors under the Industrial and Provident Societies' Acts, and the total value of shares applied for by each individual must not exceed £200.

Full particulars with our booklet "For Small Investors" will be forwarded Post free on receipt of the attached coupon.

To the Secretary,
**FIRST MORTGAGE CO-OPERATIVE
INVESTMENT TRUST LIMITED,**
7 Pall Mall East, London, S.W.1.

Please send me your explanatory booklet "For Small Investors."

Name

Address

Britannia, 8/3/29.